THE LIVING AGE

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for June 15, 1930

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

WE OPEN THIS ISSUE with a significant article, MUSSOLINI UNBENDS, which has created in Europe a stir that has somehow failed to reach the average American correspondent's ears. The author, THEODOR WOLFF, is editor of the powerful *Berliner Tageblatt*. Mussolini came to see him in Berlin in 1922, just before the famous march on Rome. Now, eight years after, Wolff goes to the Italian capital. He finds Mussolini still the tiger in aspect, but emitting something strangely like a purr.

BUT if the Italian dictator in private interviews shows himself the conciliatory statesman, his public utterances remain decidedly belligerent. Apparently his recent outbursts against France have been aimed to frighten that nation into an alliance, or at least a working agreement, with Italy in the interests of peace and protection. If so, he never got a colder shoulder than the one shown him by MAURICE PERNOT, a well-known French political observer, who is equally solicitous for peace.

'YOU can tell a German by the face he makes when he flubs a fast drive into the net,' says MR. PRIESTLEY in effect in his amusing article on the Anglo-German Davis Cup matches. And an Englishman as well. The fact that they all get along so pleasantly together is an indication of what this sport for amateurs can do for international good feeling —an object, by the way, which the original Mr. Davis had very much in mind.

A RICH American Middle West still to be developed, pitched upon the international scene as a bone of increasing contention among Japan, China, and the Western Powers—this is the picture one gets of Manchuria in JAPAN AT HOME AND ABROAD in this issue. HERR HELLSSEN'S description of a feverish, deadly serious Japan, and MR. TOYNBEE'S symbol of the little yellow man shivering under a paper umbrella in the cold Manchurian winter are both indicative of what the future of peace in the East may be.

FRANCE, through her African empire, is one of the world's great Moslem powers. For that matter there are nearly a hundred thousand Mohammedans in the Department of the Seine, plus a mosque in Paris. This is no doubt why ABDELKADER HADJ HAMOU originally chose a French audience for his unusual exposition of the modern Moslem mind, appearing in this issue as WHERE ISLAM STANDS TO-DAY. If his flattery sounds somewhat hollow to American ears, his picture of Mohammedans as exponents extraordinary of peace and brotherly love is sufficiently startling for any reader. When the treacle has all settled in a puddle in the bottom of the plate, one wonders whether Moslem tolerance will go much further than Christian mildness toward preventing war.

COSIMA WAGNER'S death naturally did not pass unnoticed in the American press. We present KARL HOLL'S story of her amazingly unconventional life for two reasons. It represents a choice of the best of the articles which her passing called forth in the press of Wagner's own country, where he was best understood. And no musician ever lived who made his name and his nation so well known throughout the music-loving world community.

AT LEAST two of France's famous fifty million frivolous Frenchmen have been doing a little serious thinking about population problems—and not those of France alone. In BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN EUROPE, ANDRÉ THÉRIVE, the 'naturalist' novelist, and ANDRÉ SULLY point out some interesting statistical facts concerning what is going on in the European home. In the process, the convenient bogy of population pressure as a cause of a new European war gets pretty thoroughly slain. What develops as important is the 'moral unification' of Europe through a common attitude toward population problems—which will have no small effect on M. Briand's United States of Europe and all he hopes it will accomplish for peace.

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

ITALY'S DESIRE TO GAIN recognition as a first-class power has provided the sensation of the moment in Europe. Our current issue opens with two representative articles on the subject. Theodor Wolff's interview with Mussolini reveals the Fascist leader bidding for German sympathy in the event of a falling-out with France and Maurice Pernot's thesis that the axis of European defense runs from Paris through Berlin and Moscow represents the French reply to Italy's demands for parity in every field. Since these two articles were written Mussolini has resumed his oratorical offensive with the double aim of bluffing France into accepting Italy as an equal partner and of distracting his own countrymen from any troubles they may be encountering at home.

England's attitude, however, has up to now not received sufficient attention. Shortly before Mussolini had begun uttering his veiled threats against France, the Paris press started one of its periodic anti-British campaigns. The *Volunté*, representing the views of André Tardieu, denounced the Italian Fascists and the British Laborites for entering into an 'extraordinary collusion' by resisting all attempts to widen the duties of the League of Nations in respect to compulsory arbitration. The same paper then went on to explain that France is aiming to stabilize the *status quo* in Europe not by her 'classical policy' of alliances but by cultivating a 'system of friendships' in which even the Germans are to be included.

The same day that this strange announcement appeared, Jules

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Sauerwein, Briand's mouthpiece on *Le Matin*, prophesied that England was preparing to wreck the Bank of International Settlements because London has not been chosen as its seat. In spite of the extravagant nature of these two outbursts they both reveal a state of mind that is likely to persist. England has come to feel that her interests are more bound up with her dominions than with Europe—witness, for instance, the popularity of Lord Beaverbrook's scheme for Empire Free Trade—and France therefore recognizes that this change may involve the abandonment of the time-honored British policy of maintaining a balance of power in Europe. Having made up their minds to this idea, the French therefore reveal the liveliest displeasure when England continues to manifest any interest in European affairs and they promptly protest that the British are trying to eat their cake and have it, too. Meanwhile, Germany pursues a policy of watchful waiting and Italy, resenting Briand's attempt to put France at the head of a United States of Europe, cries out in protest.

ONLY THE MOST EXTREME Conservatives applauded the failure of Mr. Arthur Henderson to negotiate an Anglo-Egyptian treaty. Agreement had been reached on all the purely Egyptian aspects of the draft treaty which had formed the basis of the discussions, but Prime Minister Nahas Pasha and his colleagues cherished ambitions in the Sudan which the British refused to gratify. Some of Mr. Henderson's critics complain that he made the mistake of announcing in advance the extreme limit of concessions that he was prepared to offer, and claim that a traditional imperialist, schooled in the workings of the Oriental mind, would have allowed himself a certain amount of scope in which to bargain. But in spite of these objections a far more important imperial tradition was safely maintained. While agreeing to grant many Egyptian demands in respect to domestic matters, Mr. Henderson retained a firm grip on the Sudan, thus assuring the British a whip hand over Egypt through their control of that country's water supply. The Tory *Morning Post* offers this revealing comment: 'In Egypt as in India we have made the mistake of cultivating our enemies at the expense of our friends; and of apologizing for an existence of which we should be proud. We have tried concession and surrender; it has failed. Let us return to the firmness which succeeded.' In other words, British rule in India and Egypt alike depends less on the activities of discontented natives and more on the moral determination of the British themselves. It is to this moral sense that the *Morning Post* appeals.

THE FIRST BUSINESS of the Bank of International Settlements will be the arrangement of a loan of $300,000,000, two-thirds of which

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will represent the mobilization of German annuities and one-third of which will be lent to the German Government. This is not to say, however, that the activities of the new bank will be confined to the adjustment of reparations. The Governor of the Bank of England has already suggested that the International Bank should carry out a policy recommended at the Genoa Conference of 1922 and encourage coöperation between the central banks of the various countries. It may also find itself helping to stabilize some of the few currencies not yet based on gold and might conceivably be asked to set up a gold-exchange standard in China and a gold-bullion standard in India to replace the present silver currencies in those two parts of the world. It must try to check the present 'scramble for gold' which has been encouraged by the high interest rates obtainable on the short-term market and by the ease with which gold can now be moved from place to place. The London *Economist* recommends that the Bank of International Settlements follow the lead of the American Federal Reserve System and the Bank of England and engage a full-time economic advisor. Only an expert with an international outlook can keep the Bank from avoiding more of the unseemly nationalistic disputes that have marred its first efforts.

TO JUDGE FROM a recent by-election in Brittany, French public opinion continues to move toward the Left. In a contest for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies previously held by a member of the Radical Party, the Socialists won a clear majority over all other groups, having drawn to themselves a large part of the Radical vote instead of having had to vote for the Radical candidate as they did in 1928. As a result of this shift the Radicals find themselves in a weakened position. They used to assert that they had no enemies to the Left and that they would gladly coöperate with the Socialists, who have profited from this good nature so richly that they can now afford to bite the hand that fed them. The *Journal des Débats*, one of the more conservative Paris dailies, prophesies that the chaos of French politics will be dispelled by a straight contest between Socialists and Nationalists. The *Populaire*, organ of the Socialist Party, frankly announces that it stands for the social revolution and urges the support of any measures that will hasten a change, regardless of how many seats in the Chamber real Socialists occupy. The Radicals thus find themselves compelled to choose between being swallowed up by the Socialists altogether or coöperating with the Right and Centre against an enemy whose strength is growing every day. Since most Radicals sympathize with advanced ideas, their ultimate decision can hardly be in doubt, and the formation of a new left-wing bloc dominated by Socialists will

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perhaps replace the present Cartel des Gauches, where the Radicals preponderate. It might be added that the Radicals include such men as Caillaux, Bérenger, and Herriot, while the Socialists are led by Léon Blum, Fernand Bouisson, speaker of the Lower Chamber, Paul Boncour, and Albert Thomas, director of the International Labor Bureau.

SINCE two articles on recent population trends in Europe appear in this issue of the magazine, it is an appropriate moment to refer to the detailed report on French vital statistics for 1929 just issued in Paris. The national birth-rate last year amounted to 17.7 per 1,000, a very low figure if we are to believe our contributor, M. Sully, who asserts that seventeen per thousand is the minimum birth-rate with which a modern state can maintain its population at a constant level. Nevertheless, the French birth-rate has declined much less rapidly since 1913 than that of any other European country except Spain, and is at present actually higher than the English birth-rate. On the other hand, the fact that France has the highest death-rate since the War just about compensates for this state of affairs. During 1929 the French death-rate stood at 18 per 1,000 as compared with 13.4 for England, 16 for Italy, and 10.6 for Norway. These figures not only bear out André Thérive's contention that the population of Europe is tending to become stable but they also indicate that the vitality of the French people remains unimpaired. Before the War, alarm used to be expressed because the population of France failed to increase, but any fears of national suicide are evidently without foundation, since the country is now holding its own with the rest of the world and exhibiting the same tendencies that prevail in other countries. Indeed, France may well count herself fortunate not to have been afflicted with the pre-War tendency to overpopulation that has had so much to do with creating the present unemployment in England and Germany.

THE CONTINUATION of Stresemann's foreign policy has suffered a reverse in the appointment of Baron von Neurath to succeed Ambassador Sthamer as Germany's representative in London. When the new envoy was serving as German ambassador in Rome he aroused the indignation of the more liberal members of the Reichstag by ignoring the visits of Emil Ludwig and Gerhart Hauptmann to that city because their political sympathies were too advanced for him. Stresemann had to defend the Baron as a matter of routine, but is known to have opposed his appointment to London. *Vorwärts*, official organ of the Socialists, fears that Foreign Minister Curtius 'is all too

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inclined to be yielding in personal matters' and views with anxiety the new reactionary swing that German foreign policy appears to have taken.

The appointment of Dr. Bernhard von Bülow, nephew of the late Imperial Chancellor, to the position of state secretary in the German Foreign Office manifests the same tendency. In 1923 Bülow attracted attention by writing a book casting aspersions on the League of Nations. At that time a majority of Germans opposed these views, but now most of the country has come to share his skepticism, largely because the League has ignored the plight of German minorities in Poland. Dr. von Bülow's predecessor in the Foreign Office, Dr. von Schubert, the man whom Stresemann wanted to have sent to London, failed to interest himself actively in his oppressed kinsmen abroad, so that Bülow now has a chance to make good where a more moderate person failed.

GERMANY'S DEFENSE BUDGET assumed such a vague shape that the Socialist opposition could not pick out any single point of attack and therefore had to allow considerable sums to be appropriated for undefined purposes. It now seems probable that a second 'pocket battleship' similar to the *Ersatz Preussen* will never be built and even the mysterious land fortifications remain somewhat problematical. Since the Versailles Treaty effectively prevents Germany from building up a formidable military machine, a realistic Ministry has preferred to maintain enough forces to offer real defense against any aggressor and at the same time has kept the technical experts busy designing battleships, submarines, and other instruments of destruction. Any future struggle will in all probability take the form of a coalition war like the last one and Germany's game is not so much to prepare for any specific attack as to keep her hand in at a game in which she used to be an expert so that when trouble does come she can play a decisive part.

TWO LONG DISPATCHES FROM MADRID by a special correspondent of *Le Temps* indicate that Spain will not soon achieve political stability but that General Berenguer is making an honest and effective attempt to restore the Constitution. Most of the trouble so far has come from university students, whose leader, Unamuno, does not entirely share his followers' optimism, having said of the present situation that the Monarchists are afraid of the monarchy and the Republicans are afraid of the republic. M. Léon Rollin of *Le Temps* prefers to explain matters in terms of personalities and asserts that the Monarchists fear their monarch and the Republicans fear their leaders. The present crisis, he adds, is a crisis of confidence. He then goes on as follows:—

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What causes the Republican outburst? Is it due to a rebirth of the Republican spirit or to a weakening of Monarchist sentiment? The latter explanation is more reasonable than the former. Every time Spain has suffered from fever, every time she has been gravely deceived, as she was when she lost her American colonies and when she lost part of her foothold in Morocco, she has tried to remedy matters by changing her form of government. The monarchy enjoyed periods of tranquillity as long as the populace remained completely apathetic and the present régime appeared solid in proportion as public opinion was somnolent. It seemed to be living chiefly on public indifference.

Another element that has helped the Republican cause is that Monarchist sentiment has grown so weak that defections are occurring in the ranks of the Monarchists themselves. The attitudes of Sánchez Guerra, Ossorio Gallardo, Alcala Zamora, and Miguel Maura reflect by reason of their very contradictions a widely prevalent state of mind, and the political gestures these men have made interpret the sentiments of the masses. The hesitations of Sánchez Guerra and Ossorio Gallardo express the conscience searchings of many disabused Monarchists. Ossorio Gallardo has said, 'I am a Monarchist without a king.'

During the early part of May conditions became critical. Riots between the students and the police greeted Unamuno's arrival in Madrid, where he later made a speech attacking King Alfonso before an enthusiastic audience. At the same moment that altogether charming monarch was presiding over a banquet given at Seville in honor of the winners of a pigeon-shooting tournament. One hundred and fifty aristocrats from all parts of the country attended and warmly applauded a twenty-minute address of the king in which he said that the 'noble Spanish people' would not let themselves be deceived by a few cheap politicians. M. Rollin sums matters up in these words:—

General Berenguer's government has had the opportunity to show that it has really decided to help reëstablish the constitutional régime. This attitude it will probably continue as long as the king does not withdraw his confidence. The army remains the chief political force, but it is as divided as it ever was. Those who might be called soldiers of Alfonso XIII are so impatient to defend the crown that they have taken the offensive, while other officers give the impression of having decided to retaliate or at least to group themselves into revolutionary juntas. The Constitutional Monarchists, both Conservative and Liberal, do not reveal combative convictions. The soldiers of Alfonso XIII can accomplish nothing without military aid. Those advocates of a constitutional parliament who have not declared themselves Republicans are divided between the fear of provoking a *pronunciamiento* —that is, fear of a dictatorship—and the fear that they will unleash a revolution. With only a few exceptions, Republicans and Socialists both incline to passive tactics. Of all the possible solutions now being discussed, the *pronunciamiento* would cause the least surprise of any, but even this would involve risk and that is probably why the one attempt that has been made to set up a second dictatorship failed. There are many troubled days ahead before Spain can decide its destiny.

EAST MEETS EAST when Russia and China go to the mat together in Moscow and try to adjust the affairs of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

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The negotiations give every indication of lasting long and accomplishing little, unless, of course, a sudden break occurs. The Nanking Government, sorely pressed on the home front by a coalition of rebels operating from Peking, wishes to confine the discussions to the subject of the railway, a perplexing enough problem in itself since the Russians have signed two definite agreements, one with the Central Government that used to hold forth in Peking and the other with the local authorities in Mukden. Soviet grievances include the retention of White Russian railway employees and the failure of the Chinese Foreign Office to send an ambassador to Moscow. The Chinese, for their part, refuse to resume relations until the Russians promise to stop spreading Communist propaganda and they also view with some alarm the encouragement that Moscow has been giving to the group of rebellious generals now engaged in promoting civil war. As far as the railway itself is concerned, the discussion will centre about what price China should pay to the Soviet Government in order to obtain full control. The Russians, although refusing to make themselves responsible for the debts of the Tsarist régime, demand that they be paid what it cost the Tsarist Government to build the line, asserting that its earning powers will increase. The Chinese, on the other hand, ask that the price be determined by the present earnings, pointing out that Russia approved of this principle in 1924 when the Communist International was moving heaven and earth to help the present rulers of China gain control of their country.

CHURCH AND STATE have come to grips in the Argentine as a result of the Pope's attempt to appoint a certain priest to one of the districts in Buenos Aires without consulting the Government first. *La Prensa* devotes a leading editorial to asserting that the Vatican habitually takes advantage of the indifference of Argentine politicians, who apparently do not understand that all Church officials must be approved by the State. The same editorial also raises a complaint sometimes heard in the United States and asserts that funds obtained from the richer nations are spent in poorer countries and that foreign dignitaries exercise wide influence on the native Church. Certain Argentine priests who have tried to defend their country's interests are said to have been discriminated against and the more influential ecclesiastical positions are 'being placed in the hands of trusted agents of anti-Argentine policy.'

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This is an historic interview. The editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* prevails upon Mussolini to discuss some outstanding European problems of the hour.

Mussolini Unbends

By THEODOR WOLFF

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

FEW PEOPLE KNOW that in the summer of 1922 Mussolini came to Berlin shortly before his march to Rome. He visited me at the time and I informed him as best I could of conditions in Germany and answered the numerous questions that he fired at me like pistol shots. At this period, even in his private conversations, he bore himself like a Napoleon. His profile resembled the face on some Roman coin and by keeping his features immovable he gave an impression of terrific energy. He had not yet reached his goal but was in the last stages of preparing his course of action.

Eight years have now passed and I have seen him again, this time in Rome. He lives with his family in the Villa Torlonia on the Via Nomentana beyond the Porta Pia, but he governs and receives his visitors in the Palazzo Venezia at the foot of the Capitol. Before his eyes proudly rises the huge white and gold marble monument to King Victor Emanuel which will stand to future generations as a symbol of glorified bad taste. The Palazzo Venezia, on the other hand, is one of the biggest Italian Renaissance palaces, even more impressive than most of the old ducal dwellings in Florence. At its narrow entrance door stand some members of the Fascist militia and two civilian guards to whom you hand your letter of introduction, whereupon a palace official leads you upstairs. At one of the landings on the stairway you pass through a high iron grille which can bar the way in case of emergency. Beyond this are two splendid great rooms filled with fine old Renaissance pictures and furniture and protected from the brilliant sun by dark window curtains.

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Here, as at the palace door, everyone who comes and goes is greeted by the servants and guards, each of whom raises his hand in the usual Fascist salute.

After I had waited ten minutes a servant entered. He told me that the Head of the Government was ready and led me through a third room with nobody in it. The servant then opened a door through which I saw a long, absolutely empty room, at one end of which in a corner sat Mussolini behind a writing desk. Other visitors have described the same scene vividly but even the recollection of their descriptions did not in any way lessen my amazement. The room with its painted walls and bare marble floor was, as I have said, devoid of any furniture except the writing desk at the further end, and this was so far away that Mussolini looked quite small. But it is not possible to examine the room closely, for one's eyes at once focus on the man who sits in it, so by himself, as remote from his surroundings as God the Father. It is clear why all those who depend on Mussolini's power, and especially his fellow Fascists, break into a cold sweat as they walk down this long room, meeting the keen, analytical gaze of their leader. No theatrical director ever produced stronger effects.

AFTER I had walked about a third of the distance to the desk, Mussolini arose and came toward me with outstretched hands, smiling and complimenting me on not having changed during the past eight years. I replied to him, 'And you haven't got a single gray hair.' Not only is his hair still quite black but he looks strong and healthy. His movements are light and elastic. He shows no traces of being overworked and unquestionably the rumor that he is suffering from stomach trouble is one of the many false legends that circulate about him.

The two chairs at the writing desk were so placed that he sat directly opposite his visitor. During the conversation his bearing and the expression of his face, which his enormous eyes entirely dominate, kept changing and presented a continual play of contrasts. Whenever I asked him some ticklish question or started exploring some difficult subject he would recoil. He did not present the picture of sculptured repose that he gives when he stands on balconies before the public. His manner was more artless, though he would occasionally stiffen up, especially when he was thinking of an answer. At these moments he would lean back in rigid, motionless silence with firmly shut lips and a set chin. Often he would fold his arms over his chest as he does in so many of his pictures. The whites of his eyes are enormous and their dark gleaming pupils never seemed to stand still. One might imagine that this tense bearing meant that some explosion was about to occur, but the fact was that he never broke loose. His stiff figure soon became infused with

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natural life, the tension relaxed, and what had at first seemed a kind of frozen reserve turned into warmth and enthusiasm, temperamental gestures and emphatic replies. In short, the word 'charm' best conveys his distinctive personality.

We spoke French, of which he has complete and fluent command, and I was amazed how, in spite of all his labors, he had been able to extend his knowledge of languages. He has improved his German, and two or three times he would coquettishly insert a German word into his conversation. Our long talk covered many matters which he discussed without reserve and almost always with great frankness. I hardly felt that he was choosing his words with a view to the political convictions of his visitor. He finally permitted me, after going over the matters we had touched upon, to make public those of his statements which seemed most suited to that purpose. Naturally, he maintained a consistently friendly and trustful attitude throughout, but I should like especially to make clear that even those political opinions which I am not relating here contained no trace of aggressiveness. They were all the fruit of ripened reflection, the sober, moderate judgments of a statesman.

'So you were in Naples,' he began. 'Tell me, how does it look? I haven't been there for six years and I am a little distrustful of all the fine descriptions I have heard. Is it really as clean as people tell me?'

I replied that I had found Naples quite changed but that only foreigners who sit about in its clean and comfortable hotels find it less picturesque.

'Picturesque,' he remarked, 'that means foul smells, vermin, and dirt.'

I WANTED him to explain a mystery, the mystery of his visit to Berlin in the spring of 1922, when I last saw him. I told him that even official personages, who ordinarily are posted on such matters, did not know of his presence. He replied that he had spent fourteen days in Berlin as he had wanted to get his first glimpse of post-War Germany before undertaking his march to Rome. Unfortunately he had caught influenza in Berlin but was able to visit Stresemann and get an impression of conditions.

'You would find Germany very different to-day. In spite of business and political crises and all kinds of tremendous difficulties, revival is under way and conditions are amazingly improved as compared with what they were immediately after the War. Furthermore, we have attained this position, if you will pardon my saying so, by virtue of the Locarno policy.'

'But I am not against the Locarno policy,' he replied. 'I understand entirely what Germany owes to it, and as for Stresemann . . . '

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At this point he pleased and surprised me by singing Stresemann's praises.

He then remarked, 'Time is working for Germany. I believe in the German revival and in Germany's prosperity. In the matter of reparations you have gained step by step: first London, then Dawes, then Young.'

I replied that it was true that time had worked for Germany but that perhaps it would no longer work in our favor quite so powerfully, and certainly not in every direction, particularly not along our eastern frontier. For in the east time can only establish Polish influence more firmly and the outlook for Germany in this direction is therefore not improving. These questions seemed to interest him deeply and he proved to be much better posted on geography than many non-German statesmen. However, he passed no judgments and naturally did not express any point of view.

When our conversation ranged to other fields he spoke realistically, not fantastically or boastfully. He did not advance extravagant claims nor did he seem blinded by national pride. He showed a clear comprehension of present conditions and if he does think that the future may witness certain changes he evidently does not expect them to occur soon. As a demagogue he may consider fiery outbursts necessary but as a statesman he ponders, deliberates, and considers.

Mussolini outlined with great moderation the relations that he thought might exist between Italy and Germany. He said he wanted good will but that the connection between the two countries should essentially be one of 'political indifference.' He seemed to feel that we could only coöperate in a few fields. Since I did not entirely share this opinion I kept injecting a different interpretation. I asserted that a certain community of interests did exist and that in any circumstances mutual moral support possessed a definite value. After leaning back a moment in thought, he replied, 'I desire good relations with Germany, as I have already said, and certainly there are questions which we can deal with together. The disarmament problem, for instance, and the question of colonial mandates we both regard from the same point of view. We have also to consider the exchange of goods and trade between the two countries. Italy is chiefly an agricultural nation, while Germany has big industries.' I remarked that our farmers would perhaps not coöperate in a policy calling for an exchange of Italian farm goods and German industrial products, but he seemed to think it might be possible to overcome such difficulties.

'UNQUESTIONABLY, domestic politics present an obstacle to the further development of German-Italian relations,' I said to him. 'You are the Fascist régime, we a democracy.'

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'But I am a democrat,' he replied, 'that is, an authoritarian democrat.'

'Of course,' I said, 'a difference in domestic politics should not affect foreign politics. We, for instance, have sought for an understanding with Moscow. But, as things now stand, whatever happens in Germany you judge from your own domestic standpoint. Because we are a parliamentary democracy your judgment of us is dogmatic, and in our attitude toward Italy a similar prejudice makes itself felt.'

'Quite right,' Mussolini answered. 'I have just read a book by an Italian author who remarks that Berlin is a nationalistic capital because he happened to hear nationalist music being played in a Berlin restaurant. What people haven't told me! It has been said that I want to make women's skirts longer, but I know that there are two things in the world no man can influence, fashions and religion. Properly speaking, we Fascists ought to be quite indifferent to what people say and write about us. The creations we have wrought and the work that we have accomplished cannot be driven off the face of the earth by denying their existence. If we two, you and I, say that the sun is not shining, it still shines just the same. Though you, the democrat, and I, the Fascist, say that this desk here does not exist,' and at this point he laid his hand on the desk, 'it stands here just the same. People can misconstrue what we Fascists are doing but our work is here just the same and it remains.

'What do we really want, then? We are creating moral order ['*l'ordre moral*' were the words he used], not police order, and it is our task to win everybody's support. Of course, we can only accomplish this task at the present time by exerting a certain amount of force, but people have exaggerated this element and already a certain mitigation has set in [at this point he used the German word '*Milderung*'—mitigation]. To rule by police and machine guns does not signify much. What we are doing is creating a state and the Italian feeling for this state. Formerly there was no united national sentiment. Each province, each community lived for itself. Fascism brought everything together. It created unity by filling the people with Fascist national consciousness. But we are not reactionaries: quite the contrary. Our syndicalist law embodies close coöperation between capital and labor. Members of extremely radical parties who have come to visit us from Germany have been amazed at what we have done.' He again repeated in this connection the expression, 'authoritarian democracy,' and he also kept using the words '*ordre moral*' in contrast to an unenlightened police régime.

I said to him, 'One thing that prevents our passing an objective judgment is that our right-wing parties who are plotting against the present German government, in a word, our so-called Fascists, act as if you were their greatest protector.'

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He protested with a quick motion of his hand. 'But there is not the slightest connection between our imitators in foreign countries and myself.'

'I am convinced of that, but these imitators gain a certain moral force by representing you as their ideal. You are their prophet to whom they appeal, and, just as devout Catholics make pilgrimages to the Pope, so they too make pilgrimages here to visit you.'

'But I have summoned none of them,' Mussolini objected. 'I have not invited any of them to come. I know no Fascists outside of Italy. None exist. Italian Fascism is something unique. It is, I repeat, not reactionary. In one of my speeches I once remarked that Italian Fascism is not an article of export. People said that Primo de Rivera was one of us. Actually he was quite different. When he fell it was announced that Fascism had suffered a defeat, that it was a Fascist disaster. No, we do not want to be responsible for these people abroad, and if they represent themselves as our associates we do not like it.'

'Even if a person does not subscribe to the Fascist principles,' I remarked, 'one must admit that Italian Fascism, in spite of all its peculiarities, is firmly based on a tradition of ideas common to all humanity. Its German imitation has grown out of a different soil, for Italian Fascism has no use for anti-Semitism, the shibboleth and first article of faith of the German Fascist party.' Mussolini indicated his emphatic agreement with these sentiments, for Italian Fascism is hostile to the very idea of anti-Semitism.

I repeat these statements just as he gave them to me with no idea in his mind that they would be made public. I should, however, insert a footnote at this point. Although Mussolini himself neither maintains nor desires any connection with the German Fascists, many high officials of Italian Fascism maintain and cultivate such relations both on German soil and at Rome. The German imitators who are unable to imitate one thing, the genius of the Fascist leader, find encouragement in the irresponsible, inflammatory speeches of some of their Italian friends, speeches that will never bear fruit and that contain mad, dangerous ideas quite contrary to the statesmanlike convictions of Mussolini.

'YOU have,' I remarked, 'used the German word "*Milderung*." I hope you will not take it amiss if I ask you whether a change from the present strong régime to something less strict is not only possible but desirable.'

He answered this question with the same sympathetic warmth that characterized all his conversation. 'I assure you, things are not as certain people have represented them. They have been quite falsely described.'

'But an American journalist has recently written a dispatch stating

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that huge numbers of political prisoners are exiled on islands and living in misery.'

'I will tell you what conditions really are,' he replied, 'then you can judge for yourself. There is an island in the Gulf of Naples'—he called it by name but I must not repeat it—'where two or three hundred people are living, having been sentenced there for their political activities. They are not all opponents of the Fascist régime. Some of them are Fascists, and when I find them guilty of any offense I am more severe toward them than I am toward others. The political exiles live apart from the ordinary criminals. Each of them receives ten lire a day and when it is necessary their families also are supported. Each man is allowed to follow his profession on the island. The climate, which is the same as that of Capri, is healthy. Nobody, now remember this, ever has had to stay there his full term. Not one of them has been compelled to serve all the time for which he was sentenced. I leave no one there for more than two or three years and after that time the men released are not compelled to live in a certain place. They can dwell in any part of Italy they choose. Every day I receive petitions for pardon and one of them that I have just signed lies before me on my desk at this moment. When my daughter was engaged innumerable appeals of this kind were made, for, as you can understand, that was a period of sentimental excitement. I told my daughter, "Everyone who makes a petition for clemency will be granted his request," and that is actually what occurred. I do not like to talk much about these matters and do not often make them public, but if you want to you can reveal what happened.'

I then asked him about freedom of the press and freedom of criticism, and he replied, 'It is not true that criticism does not exist among us. I am quite aware that criticism has its value and is necessary under certain circumstances. But any criticism that attacks the existence of the Fascist state, that is directed against the Fascist régime and urges its overthrow, I do not allow; indeed, all such criticism will be ruthlessly suppressed. I make no secret of the matter and I never have made any secret of where I stand and what my views are. No; if anyone wants to overthrow the Fascist régime and fight the state that we have built up we will not tolerate it. Apart from that, however, we accept adverse criticism, especially in the economic sphere, and in business matters free criticism is allowed. It expresses itself in the newspapers as well as in discussions held in my presence and just to-day we have changed the law concerning the taxation of wine because the criticism that had been leveled against us on this score seemed just.'

I HEARD in many quarters that Mussolini was beginning to loosen slightly the cords with which he had throttled free speech. As long as

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Fascism is not the object of criticism the censor is willing to relax his vigilance and the constitution of the 'Parliament of Corporations' testifies to this fact, for it shows that Mussolini permits the existence of considerable opposition in a field from which the fundamental questions of Fascism are excluded. But here lies the weak point of his argument. In spite of all his realistic political opinions, especially his thesis about 'moral order,' which he wishes to build up along with his dictatorial system, there is an illusion; or perhaps one should say an inner contradiction. He was quite correct when he explained that he did not want a government of police and that he was striving for moral unity. But since this moral unity does not yet exist and can probably never be attained, especially as long as the middle class is so weighed down with taxes and the intellectuals and the aristocracy continue to live in a state of latent hostility behind a wall of silence, Mussolini remains bound to the instrument he has created to build up his state and to protect it. Supported by every form of discipline and propaganda as well as by the Fascist Party, which is being systematically rejuvenated and repeatedly purged, maintained by a militia which is continually being recruited from two armies of young men and boys, he stands firm and nobody can threaten his rule. But how can this invincible party machine attain the spiritual unity and moral order that Mussolini demands? No doubt Mussolini knows all this and his far-seeing eye is perhaps not deceived. He creates incessantly and his terrific energy drags his followers along with him. His achievements must remain. Their existence cannot be denied and, even if one tried to deny them, would they not still exist like the sun shining above or the desk on which his hand is resting? His genius has a tragic aspect. Perhaps it consists of that element in him which lifts him far above everyday affairs and which seems to reconcile all his contradictions, at least in the eyes of those who seek for the human being behind the historical figure.

He accompanied me to the door of the long, empty room, uttering friendly words of farewell. In the second waiting room, where no more guests were waiting now that evening had set in, the palace officials raised their arms in the Fascist salute.

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Mussolini's fireworks, designed more to dazzle France into an alliance with Italy than to threaten actual war, are answered by a cool-headed Parisian who shows where his country's interests lie.

Calling Italy's BLUFF

By MAURICE PERNOT

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*
Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

THOUGH GREAT BRITAIN, Japan, and the United States succeeded in agreeing upon a certain limitation of naval armaments at the London Conference, France and Italy emerged in a less happy position and all efforts to conciliate two irreconcilable points of view were finally recognized as useless. Things might have been worse, however, and the negotiations broke off with the hope that further discussions between England, Italy, and France might lead to better results.

Inevitably, the French blamed the Italians for the failure, whereupon the Italians threw the same accusations back in the teeth of the French. These polemics were certainly futile and might well have become irritating if both countries had not promptly turned their attentions to other matters. None the less, the Italian press has again brought up the subject of naval parity in the Mediterranean. To-day, as five months ago, the Italians regard the problem of reducing naval armaments as merely one aspect of the general problem of Franco-Italian relations and not only expect that the three-power agreement will become a five-power agreement but that all differences between our two countries will be solved. Recent declarations to this effect provide fresh proof of the importance our neighbors attach to the outcome of the conversations that have been going on between us for the last two years and which French opinion has so completely ignored.

The Italian point of view seems to us to have been clearly defined in

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an article in the *Corriere della Sera* of April 27th entitled, 'Italy and France, Problems of To-Day and To-Morrow.' After rendering homage to the superior moderation, or, at any rate, the lesser hostility of the Paris press, this great Milan newspaper urged cordial relations but attempted to warn its readers against undue optimism.

'The tragedy of a declining birth-rate; the evacuation of the Rhineland, which was occupied, probably wrongly, in order to preserve the security of the frontiers; the obscure development of German domestic politics, which are no longer dominated by defeatists like Stresemann, who renounced everything; the weight of an immense colonial empire out of all proportion to the demographic and perhaps moral resources of the metropolis: all these elements make the French nervous and impossible to satisfy in certain respects. They have the feeling that they have arrived at what for women is known as the critical age, when every success, however brilliant, is poisoned by the fear that it may be the last.'

NOW, according to our Italian critic, none of this is our fault or anybody's fault, but such a state of affairs makes any serious negotiation with us difficult because we close our eyes 'to the political realities of to-day and to-morrow.' He also argues that it is even more to the interests of France than of Italy to settle our outstanding difficulties before some new political crisis descends upon Europe and the world at large. Such a crisis is always possible and France herself has an unconscious tendency to provoke it by her perpetual anxiety. She is worried about her frontiers, about her colonies, about her allies. She demands assurances and guarantees. This singular state of mind made a strong impression in London not only on the adversaries of France but on her most faithful friends and disinterested observers.

How grateful I am to this Italian writer for having so cruelly put his finger on the infirmity that has, in my opinion likewise, paralyzed and deformed French politics for the past ten years. After astonishing the world by her heroic efforts during the War, victorious France promptly presented the surprising spectacle of a nation that no longer seemed to feel able to protect herself and to assure her safety. While most of the other nations that were exhausted by the War appealed to foreign aid to reconstruct their economy, restore their finances, and stabilize their currency, France did all these things with her own resources. She became rich, prosperous, and productive. Both Europe and America admire this new miracle. Yet only the French who performed it remain unconscious of what they have done. No assurance seems to them strong enough, no guarantee sufficiently solid. This nation which has conquered the most frightful dangers now wants to live without any risks at all. It distrusts everybody, even itself. Such, in any case, is the

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impression that our post-War policy has made on the rather indulgent eyes of most observers.

But, if the observations of this Italian journal seem well founded on this particular point, I cannot say as much for the subsequent reasoning based on this criticism. It would be unjust and imprudent to judge the French nation on the impression of timidity and defiance that its government may have given. Four years of heroic resistance, a brilliant victory, an extraordinarily rapid economic and financial revival seem to me to be symptoms more of vigor than of decrepitude. The country with which Italy wants to form a friendly alliance is strong, rich, and active, and in the ten years since the War it has not witnessed unemployment, strikes, failures, or revolutions. Since we are discussing reality let us take this reality as our starting point.

Things being in this condition, what are these 'problems of to-day and to-morrow' that Italy is so eager to solve? What is the menace that she would like to escape by means of a mere nod of her head and ours? Francesco Coppola has answered this question quite clearly in the *Resto del Carlino* of April 24th: 'The worst thing that can happen to France and Italy, in other words to West Mediterranean Europe and to Latin and Catholic civilization, is the aggravation of the conflict between the two countries, that eternal struggle which cannot fail to deliver up both parties, more or less disarmed and enslaved, to the political tyranny of the Anglo-Saxons.'

In order not to weigh down the discussion with extraneous elements, let us leave out of account Latin and Catholic civilization. What remains is that France and Italy are two great Mediterranean powers which by joining forces would have a better chance of resisting foreign pressure or aggression. But let us at once observe the objections to this fundamental proposition. First of all, Italy is a purely Mediterranean power while France is both a Mediterranean and Atlantic power; indeed, to be quite exact, France must defend herself on three seas. Secondly, Italy has no colonial interests outside the Mediterranean or, at any rate, beyond the Red Sea, whereas the French colonial empire is scattered throughout the world. A Mediterranean agreement between Italy and France would entirely guarantee the former power but it would meet only in part the needs and interests of the latter. But there is an even more serious objection to such a pact. Italy and France are not alone in the Mediterranean. Even supposing that they could get Spain to join them, what practical value would a Hispano-Franco-Italian agreement in the Mediterranean possess if Great Britain were not a party to it? Gibraltar and Malta are English. The English control the Suez Canal absolutely and virtually control the entrance to the Black Sea. By what childish fiction can two or even three so-called Latin powers make the Mediterranean their exclusive domain and then take this common

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domain as a basis for a common political system? It is particularly hard to see how this question can be answered after the negotiations at London, which revealed unmistakably the desire of England to keep a free hand in the Mediterranean.

THE same things could be said of most of the questions that Italy wants to regulate in common with France, questions infinitely more extensive than the interests of these two powers and including the Moroccan question, the question of colonial mandates, the Adriatic and Balkan problems, the question of manual labor and the redistribution of raw materials. These are important problems but very general ones which it would be vain and perhaps dangerous to attempt to solve from the exclusive point of view of Franco-Italian relations.

On the eve of the naval conference the Government at Rome made a few overtures in Paris with a view to linking up the disarmament question with the rectification of the frontier between Tripoli, Tunis, and French Equatorial Africa. It was said that Italy demanded no more and no less than access to Lake Chad through the possession of Tibesti and Borku. We were also told that in the event of a redistribution of colonial mandates the Italians would lay claim to Cameroons. In short, Italy might as well have demanded that France renounce her whole African empire. But let us forget these fancies and again return to those 'realities of to-day and to-morrow' that the Italians reproach us for not understanding. Let us return, in short, to the menace of Anglo-Saxon hegemony and even tyranny. On this score we might point out that, though our Italian friends are being haunted by the fear of a financial and economic hegemony, France faces no great danger, since up to the present time she has remained mistress of her house, whereas Italy has been forced to resort to foreign aid.

If, on the other hand, it is a question of political hegemony and if the Italians have in mind defending Europe against America, an agreement between France and Italy is hardly an adequate weapon. There are geographical realities that no human ends and no national will can suppress or alter. The axis of continental defense in Europe runs from Paris to Berlin and from Berlin to Moscow. It does not pass through Italy, in spite of all efforts this power may make to extend its economic and political activity toward the centre of Europe. For all these reasons, therefore, we believe that France should not attempt to solve her outstanding difficulties with Italy hastily. Furthermore, we believe that France is right in wishing to solve these difficulties, not by exclusive negotiations with Italy and not by regarding only her position toward that country, but in full agreement with the other nations who are affected by these problems and with a view to the needs of all.

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Has Japan a manifest destiny in Asia? Here are two replies in the negative, one describing domestic conditions, the other the present state of Manchuria.

Japan *at* Home *and* Abroad

By Two Men
on the Spot

I. Danger Signals in Japan

By Henry Hellssen
Translated from *Die Weltbühne*, Berlin Radical Weekly

SELF-CONTROL IS WHAT the Japanese value above everything else in the world, and to lose one's self-possession represents in their eyes the deepest disgrace. It is the one assumption taken for granted everywhere. When two chauffeurs in Tokyo run into each other they laugh and exchange compliments. A Japanese cannot bring himself to say anything unfriendly. Invariably he prefers a polite lie.

This does not, however, mean that the noble Samurai spirit and the conception of self-control form the totality of modern Japanese character. The unwritten laws are often talked about but they are even more often sinned against. Early last year twenty-five of the eighty-three municipal representatives in Tokyo were sentenced to prison for having been guilty of embezzlement or corruption in the task of rebuilding their city. Other incidents, however, indicate that past traditions are still very much alive. A year ago last March a young man dressed in a white ceremonial kimono appeared in front of the new house of Baron Tanaka, who was then prime minister, and attempted to kill himself there as a protest against the government's Chinese policy.

Another great scandal broke loose when a former police officer, Hukoji Kuroda, murdered Professor Senji Yamamoto, a Communist

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member of the lower house, by stabbing him a dozen times. The professor, a brave, well-intentioned, short-sighted idealist, belonged to the Workers' and Peasants' Party, which had been dissolved by the government. The police officer believed that he was acting patriotically by killing a member of a secret patriotic society which was devoting itself to overthrowing the established order.

There are more than a hundred such associations in Tokyo, some of which are devoted entirely to attacking foreigners. Nothing infuriates a conservative Japanese more than to see a European or American dancing with Japanese ladies, and a few years ago one of these secret societies tried to abolish this unseemly custom. While the Sunday afternoon tea dance at the Imperial Hotel was in full swing, a body of men forced their way into the hotel armed with short swords and wearing black masks over their faces, determined to start a massacre. They had not, however, reckoned on the hotel manager, who had the presence of mind to order the national anthem to be played and the strains of 'Kimi Ga Yo' ('Thou Shalt Rule a Thousand Years') forced the members of this patriotic group to repress their murderous instincts and stand at attention. The orchestra kept on playing the national hymn, not stopping for a second, until the police came. The armed men with masks would naturally have rather died than moved a muscle while their holy hymn was being played, and therefore they remained at stiff attention even when the police took them away.

JAPAN is a police nation. As soon as you have crossed the frontier detectives follow your heels everywhere. They sit beside you in the trains and lead you into apparently chance conversations. They knock at your hotel doors and ask you hundreds of questions in bad English. At first I naïvely believed that they were newspaper reporters and with a view to the public who might read their writings I answered sarcastically. One of the detectives to whom I talked in this way left me with the impression that I was a highly suspicious person. When foreign diplomats travel through Japan the Japanese Foreign Office telegraphs their motions from station to station to keep track of where they are.

The fear of dangerous ideas lies over Japan like a surplice. Out of politeness to Russia nothing is ever said against Bolshevism, just as one never mentions the murder of Chang Tso-lin, which is merely referred to as 'a certain serious episode in Manchuria.' The Japanese love this kind of circumlocution, yet they have reason to fear Bolshevism, for Karl Marx has more readers in Japan than in any other country except Russia. Up to a few years ago about sixty per cent of the university graduates were able to get a safe position immediately after graduation, but now barely twenty per cent can be assured of such employment.

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The result is a steadily growing academic proletariat and, as hunger and undigested learning form a chemical mixture in certain hot-heads, explosions inevitably follow. Dangerous ideas find their most fruitful soil among the unemployed, disillusioned students. Formerly the government used to urge professors and learned people to visit Europe, but this advice is no longer given because almost all these men came back confirmed radicals. Secret service organizations have been installed in nearly all the universities, for espionage is in the Japanese blood. Nobody feels sure of himself. Perhaps his neighbor or even his best friend is a spy.

Many students follow the American practice of working their way through universities as waiters in little restaurants, chauffeurs, or guides. Others go from house to house selling note paper, moth balls, or soap. In this way they pay for their studies without burdening their parents. Their faces wear a rather hard, masklike expression. Never laughing, they fight their way on to their ultimate goal.

For a long time the Japanese family system solved the problem of unemployment. According to unwritten law every well-paid member of a family had to support his less fortunate relatives, but the industrialization of the country has destroyed the family system. Now each man must look out for himself and at the present moment about four hundred thousand people are out of work.

Factory soot covers the cherry blossoms like black snow. Chimneys belch forth smoke on every hand. The number of industrial workers has increased forty times over since 1900, when there were only 120,000 so employed. In 1898 the first little trade unions were being formed along European lines, but the movement did not take hold and grow until 1912. Four and a half million people are now engaged in industry, including a million and a half unorganized women. The United Trade Unions were first formed in 1920, but so far only 350,000 agricultural workers have been organized.

An educated worker earns an average of three yen a day, the others only two yen. This does not seem little as compared with our usual ideas of cheap Oriental labor, but a Japanese cannot nourish himself on a few cents a day the way a Chinese coolie can. Japan is one of the most expensive countries in the world, its price level being twenty per cent higher than England's. The result is an undernourished people. The worst off are those who follow a European way of life, the educated middle classes. Buddhism has weaned them away from a meat diet, refined their tastes, and made them æsthetic. They have therefore had to accustom themselves to eat unpolished rice, since it contains more vitamins than plain white rice, and likewise bread and cheese. Overpopulation is the great danger threatening Japan's future. Certain secret societies believe that it is a patriotic duty for their members to

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bring as many children into the world as possible. On the other hand, influential journals such as the *Osaka Mainichi*, which has a circulation of a million, devote leading articles to the necessity of decreasing the birth-rate. Meanwhile the proletariat multiplies like guinea pigs. In 1927 the population increased 850,000, in 1928, 900,000, and it is growing faster every year. The radical parties naturally hold the capitalist policies responsible and say that the system is to blame.

THE Americans have forbidden immigration into California, which has a climate like Japan's, being warmed by the same Asiatic current. Far-sighted statesmen formerly believed that Manchuria and Korea could absorb the excess population of the mother country, but only ten thousand Japanese emigrate to these two countries each year and many of them return disillusioned as soon as they have seen what conditions are. Two victorious wars enabled Japan to extend its rule to Manchuria and Korea. The forts of Port Arthur were stormed from behind barricades of corpses. But what good did this all do, since the Japanese now refuse to live there, having discovered that they cannot compete against the low Chinese standard of living? Furthermore, the Japanese like to live close together. They only feel at home in tiny gardens. They have no liking for nature on a large scale. Even Fujiyama is a kind of toy mountain, and the Japanese recoil from the mountains of Korea, the frozen plains of Manchuria, the raw winters on the mainland, and the atmosphere of deserts and endless distances, preferring to retire to their charming little miniature world of closely packed houses. Even Hokkaido, their most northerly island, which is colder and less blooming than the others, has no future possibilities. It has too much fresh air. A hundred thousand Japanese who visit it each year sniff its dewy meadows and shake their heads, going back to the crowded, compact little world of men from which they came.

Fear of dangerous ideas lies over Japan like a surplice. But which ideas are most dangerous, the Marxian theories of internationalism that filter in through Soviet Russia or the Samurai tradition of almost hysterical nationalism? It is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

'Our traditional form of government,' said Baron Tanaka in one of his speeches, 'is superior to that of any other country.' This thought is hammered into the consciousness of the nation every day. The Japanese are the chosen people. Mentally as well as physically they are better equipped than other nations. Children are taught in school that all progress, all important discoveries are the work of the Japanese spirit. Professor Adachi, anthropologist at the Imperial University of Tokyo, has devoted thirty years of study to proving that the Japanese are physically purer as a race than we poor whites and are made of finer stuff. They

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sweat less; they have fewer primitive muscles and more of the so-called civilized ones.

'Our only religion is patriotism,' a certain Japanese told me. 'The Shinto religion with its cult of ancestor worship is merely a form of discipline for organized patriotism. All Japanese are Shintoists, even the Christians.'

But this Japanese patriotism has a strangely cold quality about it. The foreign visitor is filled with amazement, often against his will, but his heart is never warmed. The country seems to have no soul. Everything is nervous, forced, exaggerated. Harmony is lacking. Neither Marxian theories nor exaggerated selfishness and hysterical patriotism indicate a steady pulse. Japan has a fever. Its temperature is running high.

II. Japan in Manchuria

By Arnold Toynbee

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal Daily

I AWOKE TO FIND my train just crossing the Chinese frontier in a snowstorm. (Five weeks ago, when I had stood on Chinese soil for the first time, in Kowloon, I had been sweating in my tropical tusser.) Before our Pullman trundled on to the iron-girder bridge over the swollen Yalu River I was just in time to catch a glimpse, on the Korean bank, of a little man defying the elements under a totally inadequate paper umbrella, and to divine from the energy of his movements that he was not a Korean. Indomitable Japanese! So you are up and doing your duty at dawn,—snow or no snow,—though I know you hate the cold; and if your superior officer were to give the word of command I am sure you would plunge straight on into the Yalu River and sacrifice your life in its icy waters, paper umbrella and all. But don't you perceive, my poor, gallant friend, that your enterprise is a forlorn hope? With that paper umbrella in your hand and that Polynesian blood in your veins you cannot conquer the continent, you cannot vanquish the north wind with his batteries of snow clouds. . . . Before I had set foot in Manchuria myself I knew for certain that Japan could never acquire a permanent foothold there.

In the growing light we traveled on between rough, unterraced, snow-powdered hills through a countryside of isolated farmhouses—solidly but rudely built of untrimmed stone. The farmyards here were full of live stock—the first that I had seen since India, for in South China and in Japan and in Korea the human population is so thick on the ground that there is no room for anything but rice fields and houses. But in this colonial-looking Manchurian countryside there was space

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once more for animals to graze. The most conspicuous animal was a breed of shaggy, lively swine—the breed depicted by Albrecht Dürer in his woodcut of the Prodigal Son. The local Chinese swineherds were not clad in white vestments of the unpractical Korean cut, but in coats and trousers of a workmanlike blue—the color of the overalls that are worn by European and American engineers. I noticed that these blue clothes were quilted; and the peasants' panoply was completed by fur caps and felt boots. In the contest for ultimate possession of this inhospitable land the gallant Japanese colonist with his paper umbrella obviously stood no chance against these stolid Chinese settlers from Shantung, armed against the cold cap-à-pie.

AS THE day wore on the rough hills insensibly died away into an immense, featureless plain, and across this plain our train rolled forward monotonously till it drew up in a great railway station in the midst of a great city. As we thrust our heads out of the carriage window we learned that this was Mukden and perceived at the same instant that our miserable bodies were in imminent danger of being mauled in a battle royal between two opposing armies.

Hitherto no rival hosts had attempted to snatch us out of our Japanese hosts' hands. The Japanese had first entertained us at our conference in Japan. They had continued to entertain us in Korea, unchallenged by the meek 'natives' of the land. And they evidently expected to entertain us in Manchuria as well. For though, when we crossed the Yalu River that morning, we had left the Japanese Empire behind us and entered the territory of the Chinese Republic, we had not passed out of the Japanese jurisdiction. The line along which we had traveled from Antung to Mukden was a branch of the South Manchurian Railway—an undertaking, owned and operated by a Japanese company, which is incased in a railway zone under Japanese control. As we traveled I had noticed the white landmarks which plotted out the boundaries of this zone at a few dozen yards' distance on either side of the permanent way. The station in which we had just drawn up was under Japanese jurisdiction too, since it was situated in the middle of one of the Japanese 'railway towns.' And, sure enough, there were the Japanese authorities hospitably waiting to welcome us once more. But why, on their own platform, should they be shifting from one leg to the other in that awkward, uncomfortable manner? Before we had time to ask one another this question we had found the answer, for there on the platform we had caught sight of other faces, too—the faces of all our colleagues of the Mukden group in the Chinese Delegation which had been attending our conference at Kyoto. The Japanese 'welcome party' was not the only one on the platform! There was a Chinese 'welcome party,' too!

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Foreseeing this moment, our Chinese colleagues of the Mukden group must have sped home a day's journey in advance of our more leisurely progress; and here they were waiting, with grim, set faces, drawn up in a phalanx and prepared for action. How alarmingly different this was from that scene on the Korean platform the day before yesterday! The gentle Koreans had submitted to be penned off, behind a barrier, from a platform that was part and parcel of their ancestral domain. The bold pioneers of Young China in Manchuria were beard-ing their Japanese rivals in the heart of the Japanese citadel. For a moment I feared that our party might be the innocent cause—and victim—of a Sino-Japanese 'incident,' and that our bodies might be buffeted about between the opposing forces like Patroclus's corpse between the Trojans and the Greeks, or Gautama Buddha's ashes between the Mallas and the Sakyas. I speculated what it would feel like to be the football in a rugger scrum. But at the crucial moment the Japanese phalanx was 'too proud to fight'; and thus we happily survived to be shown the sights of Mukden under Chinese auspices.

AS I recovered my equanimity I began to cast about for my orientation. While they were showing us round the rudiments of Northeastern University I almost came to believe that we had changed continents in the night—making a giant's leap during our slumbers from the Old World to the New. For on what plains but those of the Middle West could such colossal academic edifices rise so rapidly? As we stood and watched the rise of these the aura of 'a hundred-per-cent Americanism' radiated from them. From the chimneys of future laboratories smoke was belching before the steel skeletons were fully clothed in brick and cement. In the semi-detached villas of the future garden city, which were still waiting for their roofs, the professors had already begun to cultivate their gardens. And a student in sweater and shorts was sprinting round the track of the three-quarters-built, reinforced-concrete stadium—the architectural *chef d'œuvre* of the campus. It was all on the Middle Western scale; and well it might be, for is not the population of Manchuria increasing through immigration from the older provinces of China by something like three-quarters of a million souls a year—about the same number as the annual excess of births over deaths in Japan? The Chinese city of Mukden, which was growing almost as fast as the Chinese university in the suburbs, might have been American too. It was lapping round the Japanese railway town as the rising tide laps round a child's sand castle on a flat beach. With five railways meeting there and an ever widening agricultural hinterland, the population of Mukden might rise in a few decades to the million mark; and the Chinese city was being modernized as well as extended. Even in the

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ancient walled enceinte, in the centre of the spider's web, they had been pulling down the gates and barbicans and widening the thoroughfares.

THE gray brick of which Mukden, old and new, is built gave me a twinge of homesickness for London. It was of one clay with the original brick (nowadays mostly demolished or else embalmed in shiny tiles) which is distinctive of the old-fashioned stations of the Metropolitan and District Railways. But there was also something in the atmosphere of this city of the plain that was alien from both England and America —from the plain of the Thames as much as from the plain of the Mississippi. As I groped in mind after this something the furriness of the populace in their sheepskin coats and lambskin or leather headgear gave me the clue. The alien element was the thunder in the air; and where was it that I was familiar with this combination: thunder in the air and fur-clad people and urban expansion on a great bleak plain? Why, of course, that was in another corner of the same continent on which Mukden stood. It was in northeastern Europe, in the marches between Germany and Poland. A great, bleak plain and a 'booming' economic development and a black cloud of national hate which, when next the storm broke, might sweep away everything that human industry had built up and restore the plain to its primeval desolation.

But the great Eurasian continent has other plains that have returned to desolation already, and I was reminded of these, too, before our day's sight-seeing was over; for in the fading light they took us to the Manchu princes' tomb—a monument that exhales the spirit not of Kansas City nor yet of Kattowitz, but of Babylon and Persepolis and Bagdad and Stamboul.

We approached the outer gate through a weird grove of twisted evergreens. The outer court was planted with evergreens, too. Stone animals were peering out from beneath their shade, with countenances half-curious and half-menacing, as we advanced toward the inner gate up the broad flagged causeway. The inner court contained the ceremonial hall and the memorial pavilions. (How the yellow tiles on their roofs and on the tiers of roofs over the gate houses gleamed and glowed as the sunset struck them!) We mounted by a staircase to the gangway along the top of the inner wall—pausing for a moment in our hasty circumambulation to glance at the simple round barrow of earth outside the inclosure and to the rear of it which was the actual tomb. When we came round to the head of the staircase again the winter sun was hidden below the horizon, but its anger was written across the sky in a streak of crimson light that still blazed above the dark tops of the evergreens on the western side of the encompassing grove. This angry light in the west was the only thing of beauty that I had seen in Mukden all day; and

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while I lingered at the parapet to take it in I perceived that in the deadly struggle for Manchuria not only the climate was fighting for the Chinese, but also the human past. As I descended the staircase into the twilight of the court and saw our hosts of to-day waiting motionless below I wondered what thoughts and feelings were passing through their minds. Perhaps, like Orestes and Electra at Agamemnon's tomb, they were insistently summoning to battle the spirits of the dead. *Debout, les morts!* Was the plain of Mukden destined to be twice a field of Armageddon? Surely the continent was dyed deep enough already with the blood of its children and the blood of their fellow mortals from over the sea. I shivered as we drove back toward the city in the dark.

A trip down the Volga, across the Caspian, and on to Persia sounds exotic, but it may well become an everyday affair once Russia has made her untapped wealth available to the world.

From Russia *to* Persia

By ALEXANDER VON SPAICS

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*
Budapest German-Language Daily

THE SNOWY WASTES of Siberia, endless to mind and eye alike, had at last been put behind us. Telegraph poles had kept flashing by the windows of our train and every five versts we had passed a solitary signal house with a high bank of snow beside it. Except for these occasional breaks an endless expanse of snow extended to the horizon, vanishing in a mist of white and gray. Not a tree, not a hill, not even a bush broke the monotony of the landscape. Is it because of these infinite distances that Russia has produced such great thinkers?

Night again fell and our Russian Pullman rolled noiselessly along

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the rails. We had come hundreds upon hundreds of miles in a straight line, for that was the way that the old régime in Russia had decreed that its railroads should be built. When Tsar Nicholas was shown the path that this road was to follow, wandering crookedly from town to town, he seized a ruler and pencil and drew a thick blue line across the map. That was the line the railroad must follow. Distances must be eliminated, and ever since that time all Russian railroads have been constructed in the same way.

When the porter brought us tea the next morning we were passing through the green countryside of the Ural Mountains, whose forests and roaring streams reminded us of home. Spring had arrived overnight, in palish green hues, to be sure, but it was a welcome green after the long Manchurian winter. In Samara a fine Volga steamer awaited us, and as we hurried nimbly toward it through the town I had barely time to notice the people piously crossing themselves before icons of the Madonna, and to buy myself a straw hat to take the place of my fur cap. When I arrived in the roomy cabin of the ship I shed my winter clothes and, divested at last of my fur cloak and Russian felt shoes, I hastened out to the sunny deck. The Volga was shimmering and springtime was beginning to steal over the steppes. 'Young man, what's the matter with you, wearing a straw hat and no coat? You will catch cold.' The man who addressed me was a Russian and like all other Russians he had kept on wearing his heavy hat, for Russians are more sensitive to the cold than we. It is as if men from southern countries were fortified with warmth and brought a little extra supply of it with them when they visit the cold north. Moreover, the Russian has more foresight in such matters. When the first autumn fog steals over the Neva the Russian puts on his fur coat and does not take it off until the first summer shower.

For two days and nights our vessel went gliding down the river to Astrakhan, where we had to change to a smaller ship. From here onward the Volga breaks up into many different arms, each of which follows its own course, and at this point the power of the deep, wide stream vanishes. Our steamer timidly approached a smaller boat whose pilot was taking soundings with a long metal rod. In this vessel we slowly made our way through reeds and slime into the Caspian Sea.

Our next stop was Baku, outpost of the Orient. Here, too, we saw icons of the Virgin everywhere and little lamps burning under them. There were also a tremendous number of the bulb-shaped cupolas of the Russian churches, but there were slender minarets, too, from whose balconies the muezzin would call the faithful to prayer. The bazaar in Baku is truly Oriental; no other place in the world has such a confusion of races and languages. Caucasians, Georgians, Turks, Afghans, Armenians, and Persians swarm here, all wearing their national costumes. Their clothes are of many colors; some wear green and white turbans,

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others red fezes, and still others long black caftans with wide belts in which they stick their curved Caucasian knives of inlaid silver. I decided I had to see the famous oil wells at Balahanje and we therefore hired a carriage with three splendid horses. We then drove to a wide gray plain covered with hundreds of black and white shafts looking like gravestones in some cemetery of giants. The smell of dirt and petroleum, the most maddening and unpleasant smell in the world, penetrated everything. Onward, onward, into the brilliant Orient.

In Baku a strike of waiters and longshoremen was under way and a noncommissioned officer who had replaced the hotel porter investigated my passport while soldiers carried my luggage to my ship, which was named *General Baron Kaufman.* The Caspian Sea was as smooth as the surface of a mirror and one would never have suspected that every year thousands of boats of every kind sink in its waters. Dispelling all fears of seasickness, I betook myself to the dining room, where an immense variety of edibles was laid out in lavish display. I helped myself to fresh and smoked salmon, sole and crabs, black and red caviare, salad, mayonnaise, a few warm dishes, and the inevitable vodka, only to discover that these were but a prelude, an overture, to the dinner itself, which began with cabbage soup full of meat and sausages.

Our traveling companions included a young German-Russian married couple who were quite charming. 'My wife's father has the same name as this ship,' explained the husband, Baron X, after we had become acquainted. I asked him if he likewise was traveling to Teheran. 'Yes, indeed, a combination business and wedding journey. I am going to take up my position at the Russian-Persian Bank.' At this point the steward rang his bell to announce another meal but we did not partake, preferring to enjoy the wonderful evening on deck, breathing the soft air which wafted the first greetings of the south over a shimmering sea. From the deck below us came a sound of singing. With some difficulty we made our way along the railing, stepping over the sleeping bodies of Persians, Turks, and Tatars, and presently found ourselves looking into a dark room where a little red flame flickered in the background. Through the mouldy darkness of this room we perceived an icon of the Virgin, reddish gold in color, shining over the dark, bent backs of a closely packed crowd of people in prayer who were murmuring supplications as only Russians can. Suddenly a pallid singer arose and the crowd joined him in one of those extraordinary Slavic hymns. A profound immemorial trust in God inspired their voices.

Arriving in the Persian port of Enzeli, we were surprised to find how small it was. A canal some thirty feet wide leads on to Resht and the pilots of the little canal boats stormed our ship, struggling to secure our luggage, which they finally stowed on board one of the boats. A mast stood in the middle of this vessel but it had no sail on it, for there was

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no wind, and the boat had to be pulled from the shore. For that reason, we had to pay extra, but we later discovered that even when the wind is blowing the same prices are charged.

Anyone who is demoralized by slime and filth and who is too disgusted by obnoxious odors to enjoy the wondrous colors of a strange world had better not visit the Orient. The heat had now become tropical. Our boat glided noiselessly between two soft green banks, moving forward at the speed of a lazy tortoise. Luxuriant ferns grew on every side and above us spread the deep blue southern heavens. I stood in the stern and peered over the canvas awning that sheltered the deck from the rays of the sun. Suddenly a brownish-red hand appeared on top of this awning, a woman's hand painted henna red. I had never realized that such hands could be seen outside Arabia.

Resht is a tidy, industrious, little city. A clean hotel run by a Swiss, a few houses belonging to Russians, and a single factory chimney give it a somewhat European appearance. Unfortunately all the shops were closed and the Swiss explained that this invariably happens when the King of Kings, the Shah of Persia, is about to set forth for Europe. He used to run up a big bill in this prosperous city and then, on his return, explain that this was the people's contribution to the worthy appearance of Persia abroad. For this reason the rich people leave the town on such occasions and betake themselves to the mountains. The provident hotel keeper warned us not to try to photograph Persian women on the street. Indeed, one is supposed not even to look at them for fear of exciting their indignation. But there is precious little temptation to do so. They are swathed in black from head to foot and look like animated sacks. They certainly do not give an impression of cordiality, for if one ventures to come near them they cower against the nearest wall, where they stand stiff and motionless until one has passed. 'Get away from us,' they seem to say, 'but look at the wall as long as you please.'

Baedeker advises the traveler to Teheran to go by coach, which involves a two-day journey, but the less affluent tourist like myself travels by post chaise, which takes four days. This post chaise, however, was not at all what I had imagined. Instead of being a closed carriage with cushioned seats it turned out to be a big dray piled high with boxes and bales on which a few straw mats had been placed. 'Where does one sit?' was my first question. In the Turkish style with one's legs curled up beneath one or else on the edge of one of the boxes with one's feet dangling below. I found a place for myself, but it was far from comfortable.

Night fell suddenly and I tried to stretch out on my mat and go to sleep. The Persians gladly made room for me since they were quite comfortable squatting. They are a kindly people, but in the company

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of women devoid of gaiety. Their singing, however, shocked my ears. In high, vibrating falsetto notes, each one of which threatened to shatter their vocal chords completely, they kept up an incessant tumult. I hoped that they might become tired and keep still, but not at all. Finally I went to sleep in spite of the wailings of a dozen throats. I do not know how long my slumbers may have lasted, for I was suddenly awakened by angry shouts. Opening my eyes I saw a camel's head close beside my own and therefore hastily rolled over to the other side of the wagon, where an even more terrifying sight greeted me. On the left, our dray stood directly against the edge of a precipice and a river was flowing somewhere in the dark depths below. I recoiled as fast as I could and scrambled down the back of the wagon, taking my luggage with me. An Armenian with whom I had struck up an acquaintance followed my example.

In Persia traffic ordinarily goes to the right, and at our right was a steep, rocky cliff to which our wagon had kept close. It seems that we had just encountered one of the camel caravans of the Shah, the vanguard of his European expedition. The camel leaders had demanded that the royal camels be allowed to take the safer path beside the cliff, while we were told to make our way as best we could in complete darkness along the edge of the abyss. Our driver and his passengers were objecting, however, and with unmistakable oaths and curses. Finally we came to an agreement; our wagon kept to the cliff and the camels were carefully led past it, which meant that many which were too heavily laden to squeeze by had to be unpacked. It took a good hour for this procession to pass and, when we were finally on our way again, the Armenian and I followed the wagon on foot until the road grew wider.

The second time I awoke I thought I was gazing upon one of those scenes that Scheherazade used to describe. An open tea house with a swinging lamp in one of its corners emerged fantastically from the darkness. Men in white burnouses were sitting huddled about an old fellow with a white beard, their eyes riveted on his lips. When I entered they hardly noticed my presence, except for one person who was smoking an elaborate water pipe. I greeted him and he responded with a gesture. The old man in the middle was a story-teller. I could not understand what he was saying, yet I felt I had to listen to his tale, for it sounded like a murmuring brook flowing melodiously through blooming meadows. Complete stillness surrounded him. A wink of the eye would bring a boy to fill the empty teacups. When the story finally came to an end a murmur of applause ran through the gallery and everyone shook his head. I already knew that in the Orient shaking one's head signifies assent. Everyone believes in legends here and I found myself wondering how such a different world, so utterly original and unique, could ever be absorbed by the West.

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Here is an educated Mohammedan's defense of his faith. It shows, among other things, how Europe has helped the Orient and what it may receive in return.

Where ISLAM Stands To-Day

By ABDELKADER HADJ HAMOU

Translated from the *Mercure de France*
Paris Literary and Political Semimonthly

SINCE FRANCE is the greatest Mussulman power in the world, every Frenchman ought to know about Islam and the Mohammedans. Every Frenchman ought to be aware of what is happening at this moment in the so-called mysterious and impenetrable world of Islam. El Hijja, the last month in our year, is the period during which all Islam is on the move. Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, Russians, and Turks, Asiatics, Europeans, and Africans all meet each other at a single spot, Mecca, the cradle of our religion. Once at least during their lives all Mohammedan men and women must make this pilgrimage, provided their social condition permits them to do so. No obligation exists, however, for people who would have to leave their families sick or in need during the period of their journey. Yet there are those who ignore this reasonable provision through excessive devotion.

The pilgrimage is one of the five fundamental elements in our religion and the least obligatory. The other four bases of Islam, all of them more important than the pilgrimage, are listed below in the order of their importance.

1. The *Chahada*, the attestation that there is only one God and that Mohammed was sent by Allah. The fact that Mohammed is referred to as the Prophet of Allah does not mean that Islam fails to recognize the mission of Jesus Christ (Our Lord Aïssa) or the mission of Moses (Sidna Moussa).

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2. Prayer, consisting of five daily genuflections made toward Mecca. The prayer consists of touching the forehead to the ground and is preceded by ablutions, to insure the cleanliness of all visible parts of the body. This prayer can be made anywhere and in the sole name of God the Greatest. No mosque or temple is required, merely a suitable spot. If the Christian church permits us to do so we have the right to make our prayers within its temples. Since the Mohammedan regards God as 'everything which one cannot conceive,' since he is everywhere and nowhere, 'whichever way a Mussulman turns he finds the face of Allah.'

3. For one whole month we must not eat, drink, or smoke during the daytime. Sexual relations are only permitted during the night in Ramadhan, as this month of abstinence, the ninth in our year, is called.

4. We must give alms to the poor, but not out of generosity, for those who have nothing do not humiliate themselves to the point of stretching out their hands. They have the right to some of our ease and goods and we should lie if we spread the belief that these alms contain any part of our heart. Not to give is to expose one's self to the chastisement of the Creator during our present life and even more so during our next life, the eternal one.

THIS being the definition of Islam, let us survey its present situation. Nobody pretends that we are dreamers, creatures incapable of movement, believers without ideas. Abu Bekr, Mohammed's successor, once saw an Arab squatting with hands raised to the heavens. The man had just ended one of the five prayers that we have to say every twenty-four hours and was asking God to aid him in the affairs of this world. Abu Bekr grew angry. Islam had just been born and activity was necessary, not contemplation or laziness. Bread does not fall from the heavens, as you French say, and the Arabs had arrived too late on the scene to partake of any of the manna left over from the banquet that the great people of Israel once enjoyed.

'Ah, my friend,' exclaimed Abu Bekr, 'you must not sit motionless wishing for wealth and repeating, "O Lord, enrich me!" for you know quite well that it does not rain gold or money.'

These words brought the Arab to his senses and, understanding the spirit of Allah, he set about seeking bread by working for it. And did not Mohammed say to his daughter, 'Work. Count only on yourself and do not say, "My father is sent by Allah," for I can do nothing for you.'

Islam is the enemy of ecstasy and, alas, of poets as well, for the Koran says that poets are followed by lunatics. Our religion is the friend of wisdom, wherever it may be, wherever it comes from, and it will reward just men rather than devout ones. Here is a text that has become

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law wherever Mohammedans live since it was pronounced by Mohammed himself: 'To render justice one day is better than to adore God for sixty days.'

Is this real Islam familiar to you, the religion revealed in certain of our texts which have the force of law among us? The people, the illiterates who learn the Koran as I learned it when I was a child, without understanding it, do not know the true Islam. Every time an ignorant man sees Arabic writing he respects it as the word of God. You can go anywhere, over mountains or plains, with a book or manuscript printed in Arabic and you will be respected and protected even if you are only carrying a translation of a light novel, for the peasant and primitive mountaineer will probably take you for a saint. Indeed, stories of saints have replaced dogma and we have made many gods of a single Master and of a single God. Simple spirits, not caring to try to understand the invisible and the spirit, naturally return to the cult of adoration of man by man, but the true Islam says that there is only one Master and that all the rest are feeble though perfectible creatures.

Long, long ago sultans, in order to maintain themselves in power, urged the intellectuals to lull the people into submission with the idea that Islam created kings. Those of our thinkers who dared to manifest their disgust at this lie were hurriedly condemned. Our Voltaires and Rousseaus were muzzled, massacred, or bribed. The Arab kings, to say nothing of the other Mohammedan rulers, were always afraid of being dethroned by an educated nation and they invented the infallibility of the saints in spite of the Koran, in which God, speaking to Mohammed, says, 'Say to the people, "I do not possess for my own part any occult force that permits me to dispense good and thrust evil away from myself, for if I had this power I should be rich and sickness could not attack me."' The prophet was poor and often sick and the people learned this text in the Koran and are still learning it by heart as parrots do. People love, respect, venerate, and adore what they do not understand and recite like phonographs, the only difference being that the latter have no mysticism in them. But truth is a force in whose face the most powerful armies of sophistry retreat.

Those kings and emperors who pressed our evil Pharisees into their service to forge a cult of man worshiping man even after death, a cult of paying homage to banners, trees, and rocks, have disappeared. Public education is throwing its light in every dark corner of anti-Islamic fanaticism and its potent rays are dispelling sombre prejudices and superstition. Islam, which has been declared changeless and insensible to progress, Islam, which people used to regard as a kind of Sphinx, is moving, awakening, finding its sources again, after having dispersed itself through a thousand little channels and after having mistakenly hated the Christian and the infidel, who is none the less our brother.

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What magic wand produced this miracle of renovation? The press. Newspapers and magazines have been reëducating the Mussulman masses, who have up to now lived in ignorance. Arabic dailies are being published in at least three continents, Asia, Africa, and America. The nations that govern this world and above all the generous French have given the Mussulman people freedom of discussion. Chinese, Hindu, Persian, Turkish, Arabian, Egyptian, Tunisian, Algerian, Moroccan, Sudanese, Senegalese, and American Mohammedans have the right to say what they think. Good faith will lead all men to understand each other. Suspicion engenders hostility and the worst enemy of suspicion is sincerity. The Arab press has cleared the way and the old-fashioned intolerant fanatics no longer look upon every Christian and Jew as an enemy who must be destroyed in the name of Islam. In Algeria and Morocco, since the French flag has been flying there, the Mohammedans are understanding the religions of others. 'He who does not know a thing,' runs an Arab proverb, 'is its enemy.' Most Mohammedans do not know the law of God. The verse from the Koran which reads, 'No constraint in religion,' has never been expounded. A man is not made a Mohammedan by being clubbed or tortured. Our holy book contains a chapter entitled 'The Infidel.' Any child of seven can recite it for you perfectly, but his illiterate grandfather does not understand it and would disobey its teachings though in theory he venerates them, and would kill Christians because they are Christians. Thus was Mohammedan fanaticism born and thus our peasants and mountain folk despise Christians and Jews although they venerate Mohammed, who himself married a Coptic Christian, since the law of Islam declares legal any marriage with a woman who believes in God.

Almost everywhere in Africa demented people are taken for superior beings and are supposed to be able to make anyone rich or poor. A clever, dishonest caste grew up that exploited this credulity and harvested a rich financial reward. Then France came. Its schools are still dissipating the darkness but French teachers do not know about two powerful weapons, the Koran and the tradition of the prophet. Moreover, there are two kinds of Mohammedans in the French colonies, those who attend French lay schools and those who take exclusively Arabic instruction, though the errors of the latter group are happily tending to disappear. Arab teaching is becoming modernized in Algeria and Islamic truth no longer wears a veil of mourning. It breathes more freely and all the world can know it now, although certain Mohammedans are still fighting their own consciences in order to preserve a religion that they would rather not understand. Islam was born for the sole purpose of rejecting the idea of human omnipotence in any form, even in the form of Mohammed, who never brought his divine authority into play. Islam recognizes only the force of a Being 'who sees without eyes,

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touches without hands, and whom nothing resembles.' Our theologians teach that Allah has none of the material qualities of man, nothing at all of what makes up air, gas, the stars, and matter.

Newspapers are now opening the eyes even of our pagan element. The force of our philosophy lies in the fact that everywhere in the world the text of the Koran is the same. There is only one book. It must also be said that every adept of Mohammed, even the man who is most remote from his doctrine, sees himself obliged to return to the first truth of all and recognizes that the Koran is a redoubtable witness that no Mussulman can doubt. The question of the wearing of hats by Turks has caused great quantities of ink to flow, yet there is no verse in the Koran which mentions what kind of headdress a Mohammedan should wear. The law of Islam arises from four sources: the Koran, everything that Mohammed said, everything that he did, and the Assembly of Jurisconsults. The last came into being naturally, having been created by need. It dealt with unforeseen cases and one could only have recourse to it to decide between the teachings of the book and the double tradition of Mohammed's words and his actions. But the courageous reproach being made to-day against these eminent Jurisconsults is that they declared that after them no assembly could pass valid judgments. This decision has been respected in spite of protests and thanks to the uncontested authority of the army.

AND now Mohammedans are objecting to everything arbitrary, attacking whatever leads to fanaticism and massacre. Everywhere columns of figures are appearing in the press and books are being published attacking errors. The whole Mohammedan world questions itself anxiously. Even Mecca is taking the matter in hand and applying the articles of our immutable code. In the capital of Islam the coreligionists of three hundred million people of every color and every race assemble. Pilgrims from north Africa are making the trip from Jedda to Mecca by automobile for the first time, for under Turkish rule one traveled by donkey. Insecure conditions discouraged people from making the journey and bribery prevailed everywhere.

Ibn Saud, King of the Hejaz, originally the leader of the Wahabites of Nejd, has applied the doctrines of Mohammed's time. The miracle achieved by this man, a popular, simple democrat, is that this region, which used to be terrorized, now enjoys peace and activity. What a century of despotism could not achieve one man has accomplished by virtue of his ardent faith. Saints and apostles are no longer venerated, either dead or alive, since man possesses no occult power. Illumined or pious, dead or alive, all men are equal, for God has vouchsafed to no one any part of His omnipotence. Ibn Saud has had the tombs at which

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people worshiped for centuries destroyed and has told the amazed world of Islam that only one Being is to be adored: Allah. He has forbidden Mohammedans from all over the world to make pilgrimages to so-called holy places where men, mere perishable beings, are interred, since immortality only belongs to the Creator. The crowning touch is that the Arab press approves of Ibn Saud. The initiative, however, does not come from the King of the Hejaz or from the Arab press, but from the liberty of thought recognized in the constitutions of European nations. Pilgrims returned from Mecca relate what this new ruler has been doing. Some of them attack him, but in younger university circles his name is blessed.

What has Mustapha Kemal done in Turkey? What has the Sultan of Egypt done? In both countries the hat has replaced the fez and husbands travel everywhere with their unveiled wives. How many revolutions in how few years! But have these people denied Islam? Enlightened Mohammedans say that they have not and that they have merely understood the spirit and not the letter of the Koran. Who would have believed that the veil could have been cast off? The press still discusses the question and polemics continue, but it is affirmed that the veil is a custom and not a prescription of the Koran. Islam is a democracy and we find in the Koran these words of the prophet Mohammed, 'Consult the people.'

Mohammed, who is quoted in the Koran as the best friend of God and the best man, was not infallible and he ordered it to be said of him, 'Like you I am a man and mortal, and like you I can forget.' Allah has told his adorers that they must use their minds and that he prefers intellectuals to mystics, giving them the rank of prophets.

If every Mohammedan country has witnessed surprising revolutions in its customs and costumes it is because of the feeling of liberty that we have brought back with us from France. Life-giving air passes from mind to mind. Like Islam, France recognizes but one power, the truth, *el haq*. Truth soars aloft and never lets itself be dominated. Nothing can subdue ideas, which were made to waft aloft on their wings humanity, eager for wisdom. It is for this reason that Mohammed ordered scientific research, 'even in China.' The Koran and France are both in the service of free science. France and Islam represent the immortal alliance of the spirit and the heart. Let us pray to Allah in our mosques to preserve for us that sun of the intellectual universe, Paris.

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All calculations of Europe's future depend on how many births and deaths occur each year. Recent trends indicate that Germany is entering a decline while other nations are achieving stability.

Births *and* Deaths in EUROPE

By Two French Experts

I. Europe Holds Her Own

By André Thérive

Translated from *L'Opinion*, Paris Current-Affairs Weekly

WHITHER EUROPE? That is the question being asked with much solemnity by the National Society for the Increase of the French Population. This society is not a chauvinistic affair, as one might believe. It takes part in international congresses, the most recent having been held last August in the Netherlands on 'Life and the Family.' The society believes that all Western Europe is being swept toward degeneracy and that the birth-rate is a matter of common interest to all the various nations in this part of the world. Whether this condition arouses optimism or pessimism depends on one's point of view.

Optimism is encouraged when we recall that rivalry about boundaries, seaports, and industrial centres has never been so keen as it is today, but we feel pessimistic when we give ear to M. Lefebvre-Dibon, president of the National Alliance, who, like William II, sees the 'yellow peril' gathering on the horizon. It shows great naïveté, however, to believe that the prolific races will swallow up the others, for up to now just the opposite has happened. America is at the height of her wealth and power, yet nowhere is Malthusianism so widespread, while England rules an India where human bipeds multiply like rabbits (and, for that matter, die like flies). Of course, within a single civilization power may

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lie with the most numerous group, but between unequal civilizations the birth-rate plays no part in determining relative positions. Indeed, it might be said that the élite nations dominate overpopulated countries because of their birth control rather than in spite of it. In any case, statistics speak eloquently and often quite differently from the way that those who employ them intend, and M. Lefebvre-Dibon's figures provide interesting food for thought.

Comparison of the birth-rates of the different European countries in 1900 and in 1928 shows that these rates are tending toward a common level which the most civilized nations have already attained and which the others are reaching more or less rapidly. The number of births in France dropped 8.4 per cent in the thirty years of the present century, while in the same period they dropped 52 per cent in Germany, 42 per cent in England and Scotland (excluding Catholic Ireland), and from 39 to 44 per cent in the Scandinavian countries, which are renowned for their material prosperity, comfort, and virtue. Switzerland, which enjoys a similar reputation, saw its births diminish 41 per cent.

BUT the number of births must not be confused with the birth-rate, which is the number of births per thousand of the population. These rates underwent less striking decreases, but the respective proportions are none the less interesting: 3.4 per thousand for France, 17 per thousand for Germany, 12 for England, 11 for Switzerland, and similar amounts for Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Italy should be considered separately because of the violent campaign conducted by the Fascist Government. Mussolini hopes to increase the explosive force of a people already compressed within narrow frontiers and subjected to rather hard living conditions. His ideas on feminism and public morals somewhat resemble Napoleon's: women should stay at home and produce children. Opportunities for frivolous pleasures, debauchery, and dissipation should be reduced to the absolute minimum by laws and police regulations; yet the result has been that the matrons of the new S.P.Q.R. have given 100,000 less children to their country this year than last. The truth is that natural forces, working upon whole races and continents, are more powerful than the will of a single state, and the last thirty years have witnessed a decrease of 18 per cent in the births in Italy, a drop of 5.8 per thousand. Even since the advent of Fascism the annual figures have shown a gradual and continuous decrease.

As for Spain, a country of a low cultural level, the birth-rate has dropped from 33.8 per thousand to 29.9 and the number of births has fallen 22 per cent. The newly created nations cannot yet be taken into account. Poland is adding to its population at the rate of 400,000 each year, yet a comparison of this increase with the birth-rates of previous

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years would perhaps show a relative drop. Not until twenty years have passed can one be sure. In any event, it is now certain that formerly imperialistic nations, such as Germany, have lost more than half their expansive power and that, as a result, their needs and ambitions are cut in two.

The decrease in the total number of deaths gives the other side of the picture. In the last thirty years deaths have declined 400,000 a year in Germany (taking account of the modifications of territory), 200,000 in France, 130,000 in Italy, and 120,000 in Great Britain and Spain. These figures work more powerfully on the imagination and tell more of the progress of science, comfort, and hygiene than a thousand political declarations. A philosopher, moreover, would draw from them an immediate conclusion: that human life is coming to possess greater and greater value, and that individualism is the prerogative of societies that have achieved a certain degree of civilization.

Men are learning to take care of themselves, and are trying to avoid death, whereas among backward peoples individual life counts for little and collective sacrifices are easily obtained. The Japanese, heaping with their corpses the moats of Port Arthur; the Mexicans, giving up their lives in petty civil wars or great political brawls; the crusaders of Peter the Hermit; the Hindus, immolating themselves beneath the car of Juggernaut—instances like these will never be seen in modern Europe. Let the philosophers chant the praises of civilizations where the individual does not consider his own life an end in itself, but believes that he is destined to aid the life around him. The fact remains that our change in habits has resulted from our modern ethics, which, in turn, arose directly from those conquests over nature that have rendered man's life more comfortable, his future more secure, and his ego more precious.

IN CONCLUSION, however, we must not omit certain better known figures which show, without conflicting with the previous statistics, that the human race, even in Europe, is still gradually increasing, more slowly than ever, but perceptibly none the less. France in 1928 gained 70,000 inhabitants (between 1900 and 1910 she made no gains whatever); Germany, 443,000 (thirty years ago it was 760,000!); England, 231,000; and Italy, 469,000 (in 1900 she only gained 300,000). We must also remember that these figures represent the excess of births over deaths and that one cannot estimate the birth-rate from them alone. As to the number of births per marriage, they are 2.2 for France, 2.1 for Germany, 3.9 for Spain, 3.8 for Italy, 2.2 for England and Scotland, 2 for Belgium, and 2.3 for Switzerland.

The conclusions that economists would draw from these statistics are already clear; politicians would find in them disquieting arguments

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concerning the probabilities of peace, which already far outweigh the risks of war; and ethnologists might deduce whatever their individual prejudices suggest. But all of them would have to admit that Europe is on the way to stabilizing and unifying her birth-rate—and that is not necessarily a sign of decadence. Rather, it is an indication that the Old World is coming little by little to form a moral unit with similar habits and needs which we may perhaps be able to regulate amicably.

II. Race Suicide in Germany

By André Sully

Translated from the *Journal des Débats*, Paris Conservative Daily

MANY FOREIGNERS still believe that Germany's population is increasing, but this is a notion that should be revised, especially in France. If there had been no war and if the German people had gone on increasing at the rate they did during the opening years of the twentieth century, Germany would to-day contain seventy-five million inhabitants, whereas actually she has only sixty-three million. The twelve million deficit is made up of two million men killed in the War, a million who died as a result of the War, six million citizens who were transferred to other countries after the Peace Treaty, and three million unborn children. The slight growth of population in Germany between 1910 and 1925 was due entirely to a declining mortality rate.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century the advent of industrial civilization caused a great increase of population on German soil and the industrial wealth of the country inspired its inhabitants to multiply inordinately, for the epoch of prosperity that they were enjoying seemed to have no end. But all over the world industrial production has progressed out of all proportion to the accumulation of capital or to the increase of buying power, and we are now reaping the harvest of overproduction in the form of technical rationalization and unemployment.

The demographic effects that this change has developed are eloquently expressed in the declining birth-rate during the past thirty years. To every thousand German married women between the ages of fifteen and forty-five the following number of children were born during these years: 1880: 307; 1900: 286; 1910: 227; 1912: 202; 1920: 198; 1926:138. The number has therefore declined more than one-half since the beginning of the century and at an accelerating rate. In Berlin the collapse is complete. In 1880 there were 253 births per thousand married women between the ages of fifteen and forty-five and in 1927 there were only 59, a decline of more than 75 per cent. This being the case, the slight increase of population is due entirely to a considerable

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reduction in the death-rate, but even the excess of births over deaths has fallen from 13.6 per thousand inhabitants in 1900 to 7.6 in 1928.

Specialists in demographic problems estimate that a nation that wants to maintain its population at a constant level must average at least 17 births per thousand inhabitants. In Germany the proportion of births per thousand inhabitants was 19.5 in 1925, but dropped to 18.3 in 1927. In the country districts especially, births are falling appallingly and in 1930 the entire Reich will probably average not more than the fatal figure of 17 per thousand. In the big cities the proportion of births has for a long time been below this level. Statistics covering the twenty largest German cities show a birth-rate of only 13.2 per thousand inhabitants, and in Berlin this figure has sunk to 9.9 per thousand, barely half the percentage necessary to maintain a constant population. Moreover, the well-to-do and middle classes are not the only ones whose birth-rates are falling. The proletarian class is also diminishing. In Wedding, the working-class quarter of Berlin, there were 40.4 births per thousand inhabitants in 1895, whereas in 1926 there were only 11.8 births per thousand, a decline of almost 75 per cent in thirty years. In the German capital the number of marriages per thousand is greater than the number of births per thousand. Not only have married people given up having as many as two children; they are even tending to have none at all. Gynecologists, and they ought to know what they are talking about, estimate that there are more than a million abortions in Germany each year. The reduction of the number of children is also revealed by another fact, namely, that since 1910 the proportion of Germany's population under fifteen years of age has declined 18 per cent. Germany is becoming a nation of old people.

THE tendency to restrict the birth rate is supported by many theories which the Catholic Church opposes almost in vain. At the congress of the *Verein für Sozialpolitik* held last year in Zürich, the eminent German economist and sociologist, Sombart, made a pessimistic speech, pointing out that European capital was hardly increasing at all and that a new increase in the population of Europe similar to the rate of increase that obtained before the War would lead to a lower standard of living and would eventually produce the kind of poverty that existed in ancient times.

Article 218 of the German penal code provides for severe punishment of the crime of abortion. Liberal and labor interests are waging an ardent campaign for the abrogation of this law, since it has been unable to prevent a million abortions a year. The opponents of Article 218 point out that its rigors only fall upon the needy and ignorant, but jurisprudence is divided on this point. Certain tribunals seriously de-

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fend the state's desire for a large population while others take a more modern attitude. A provincial doctor, having admitted to the performance of more than fifty abortions, was acquitted, to the applause of all those present in court. He was able to prove that in each case he had acted to prevent further misery to families that were already too numerous. In its remarks on this case the court of Chemnitz expressed the modern idea that 'it is immoral to bring into the world children who by reason of the economic situation into which they are born will not be granted a fair chance for success in life.' The same tribunal has also acknowledged that in matters of procreation the idea of quality should weigh just as strongly as the idea of quantity. Finally, it recognized that 'the equality of rights that woman enjoys confers on her, whether she is married or not, the virtue of deciding whether or not she wishes to have children.' A court of appeal judging a divorce suit said, 'It is unquestionable that many sections of the population consider it in no wise contrary to morality for a husband to refuse to beget children which he knows he would not be able to bring up in such a way as to arm them sufficiently for existence.'

During the War Germany squandered her human material. To-day, her jurists have come to the point of admitting an 'economics of procreation.' Schiller, before the days of Malthus and Darwin, wrote that the two forces that lead humanity, hunger and love, would one day be controlled and regulated by philosophy. He did not foresee that an industrial, materialistic civilization would ban within a century all spiritual preoccupations and by a new heartless law brutally impose on his own country the rationalization of love before really solving the problem of hunger.

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The widow of Richard Wagner, often described as the foremost woman of the nineteenth century, died on the first of April at the age of ninety-two. Here is an outline of her life and her epoch.

COSIMA WAGNER

By KARL HOLL

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt Liberal Daily

'With her aid I can attain what I cannot possibly attain without her . . . she knew what help would mean to me and so she gave it.'—RICHARD WAGNER.

IN THE YEAR 1809 the Count of Flavigny, a French emigrant, returned with his German wife, Maria Elisabeth, to France from Frankfurt, where he had spent the early years of his married life. Their daughter, Marie Katharine Sophie, accompanied them. After receiving the usual religious education of the aristocracy this daughter was then married, in 1827, to Count Charles d'Agoult. Seven years passed. The young Countess Marie d'Agoult was now the wife of a man of distinguished character, the mother of two children, and a woman of intense intellectual energy. It was at this point that she met the twenty-three-year-old Franz Liszt and experienced with him the mystery of a consuming love, eloping in his talented company from Paris to Geneva. Later they lived together for a time in Italy and at Nohant, George Sand's country seat. In Geneva a daughter, Blandine, was born to them and on the 25th of December, 1837, in Bellagio on Lake Como, a second daughter first saw the light of day. Because of her parents' manifold associations with the lake, with a certain book by George Sand, and with the holy Saint Cosmas, this child was named Cosima. These two little girls, along with their brother Daniel, who was born afterward in Rome, were subsequently placed in the care of Liszt's mother in Paris. As for

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their mother, she returned to her husband toward the middle of the century when Liszt chose to seek again complete artistic freedom and to direct his interest toward other women, but the children remained under the care of their grandmother Liszt, who devoted herself to them.

While Liszt was enlarging his European reputation the three children grew up together in close comradeship and received a good linguistic education, which was at the same time scientific, musical, and strongly religious in character. When Liszt entered upon a fresh and passionate attachment for Princess Caroline von Sayn-Wittgenstein and began to live with her at Weimar, she prevailed on him to intrust the further education of his daughters to her own former governess, who from that time on maintained a separate household in Paris for the two girls. It was the wish of Liszt and the Princess that, in view of their proposed marriage, the three children be insulated as completely as possible from the influence of their mother. The most thrilling event of the adolescent years of Blandine, Cosima, and Daniel occurred in 1853, when they met the father whom they adored almost fanatically. On that particular occasion, however, Liszt did not come to Paris alone. A friend accompanied him—Richard Wagner, who was in Zürich and of whose genius the three children had already formed a distinct conception.

In 1854 Blandine and Cosima were brought into contact with their mother again and after this meeting the two daughters continued to feel a close bond of sympathy with her. During the intervening years Marie d'Agoult, who had come to command a certain literary reputation under the name of 'Daniel Stern,' had succeeded in attracting to her salon many of the most excellent minds in France at that period. But Liszt, in view of the growing friendship of the children with their mother, from whom they had long been separated, decided that they must be taken to Germany. Blandine and Cosima Liszt were, therefore, received in Berlin in the home of Frau von Bülow, the mother of Hans von Bülow, who was then winning fame as a pianist and conductor and who was devotedly attached to his master, Liszt. In Berlin there developed between Cosima and Hans von Bülow, who himself gave her piano instruction, a friendship which led first to a secret engagement and finally to marriage in the summer of 1857. A few weeks after Cosima's wedding her sister Blandine, with the consent of her mother, married a Parisian lawyer, Emile Ollivier, but this marriage was abruptly terminated at the end of five brief years by Blandine's premature death. Daniel, the aristocratic, highly gifted, intellectual son of a great father and the beloved of two sisters, succumbed to tuberculosis in 1859.

DURING Cosima's youth in Paris the conception of sacrificial love which she had inherited from her father gradually assumed a pious form

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as a result of her strongly Catholic up-bringing. Furthermore, the tendency she had developed at an early age to assert her individuality and her right to her own emotions and thoughts intensified the energy of her fundamental traits without suppressing her more quixotic and childishly mischievous impulses. The harmony between ethical motives and intellectual and artistic preoccupations fostered in Cosima's spirit by the example of her parents was supplemented by a self-possessed bearing, the product of the French cultural society to which her mother had introduced her. Moreover, while Cosima was still young she became familiar with German life and art. As soon as she established herself in the home of the von Bülows in Berlin, she began witnessing the violent conflict over the so-called 'music of the future.' At the focal point of this dispute stood the gifted and chivalrous son of the house. The sixteen-year-old girl felt for the first time that a personal mission had been vouchsafed her when she perceived the suffering endured by her artistic counselor, young von Bülow, in championing Liszt and Wagner. On the night when von Bülow, usually calm and inflexible, returned home completely broken in spirit after the debacle of the overture to *Tannhaüser*, she supported him unhesitatingly.

Cosima's marriage with Hans von Bülow was more than a 'friendly sacrifice' offered by von Bülow to his honored master for the purpose of giving Liszt's illegitimate child an illustrious name, it was also the union of a woman who was as self-sacrificing as she was ambitious with an important man and artist whose destiny she believed herself capable of guiding to lofty heights. Presently, however, it became evident that Cosima had set von Bülow's trajectory too high and that she would not be able to turn the great interpreter into a great composer. In consequence, this bond of comradeship began to weaken, and when von Bülow, on a visit to Wagner in Biebrich in 1860, felt compelled by the quality of *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger* to renounce all further creative effort of his own, a sweeping crisis in Cosima's fate developed, a crisis which was to grow acute four or five years later, but which was not to culminate until ten years had passed. The daughter of Franz Liszt and of the Countess d'Agoult was not destined to accompany through life a man who only ministered to greatness. She had sought with the utmost faithfulness to unveil in her husband a genuinely creative spirit, but it was in Richard Wagner that she perceived the great, overwhelming, creative spirit of the period.

As Wagner was twenty-four years older than Liszt's children he noticed almost nothing about them when he first met them except their extreme shyness. Furthermore, when young von Bülow and his wife visited Wagner in Zürich on their wedding journey in 1857 and when, in the presence of Mathilde Wesendonck, they immersed themselves in the world of harmony of the *Rheingold*, the *Walküre*, and the first two

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acts of *Siegfried*, Cosima continued to conceal behind a considered attitude of reserve her profound interest in the work and person of the master. It was only when she made a second trip to Switzerland with her husband a year later and found herself in close proximity to the catastrophe in Wagner's home which had resulted from his first marriage that more and more vigorous stirrings of admiring sympathy for the restless and harassed man manifested themselves beneath the respect which, according to von Bülow, always characterized her attitude toward Wagner. Letters which she sent to the composer of *Tristan* when he was in Venice, a meeting with him in Reichenhall after the birth of Cosima's first daughter, Daniela, a visit to the *Meistersinger* studio at Biebrich in 1862, and finally Wagner's sojourn in Berlin in 1863 at the home of the von Bülows made Cosima and Wagner increasingly conscious of their mutual attraction. Their 'passionate yearning for revealed truth' reached heights of unbearable intensity.

And now there came about in rapid succession those understandings and decisions by means of which these two congenial spirits 'betrayed their truest friend.' In the summer of 1864 Cosima took von Bülow, Daniela, and Blandine, their second child, to Wagner's house at Starnberg, where she realized fully the nature of the duty which destiny had assigned to her. Beginning in November, 1864, the wife of von Bülow, who had meanwhile been called to Munich as musical conductor at the court, dwelt constantly in a drawing room and study of Wagner's house. Here she gathered into her fingers all her threads of intercourse with the outer world, including her relations with friends and with Wagner's first wife, Minna, here she negotiated with stage directors, publishers, court officials, and above all with King Louis II. In 1865 Cosima's third daughter, Isolde, was born. This child was Wagner's and was, incidentally, the first child he had fathered. A few weeks later the first presentation of *Tristan* took place under von Bülow's direction.

EARLY in 1866 Minna Wagner died. In the spring of that year Cosima joined Wagner in Geneva, with the consent of her unsuspecting spouse, and discovered at Triebschen a new haven of refuge for Wagner, who had been summarily exiled from Munich for his supposedly radical tendencies. In May, 1866, Wagner invited his friend, von Bülow, to bring his family to Triebschen. It was here that an incautious letter of Wagner's made the still trustful husband aware for the first time of the true situation. Von Bülow was profoundly affected but gave the master his consent to a divorce provided that Cosima should spend two years with her father in Rome. Yet, after the magnificent première of the *Meistersinger*, which von Bülow directed with superhuman power in the summer of 1868, Wagner summoned Cosima to him for good and all

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without consideration for von Bülow's noble attitude. With Cosima by his side, Wagner then resumed work on the *Ring of the Nibelungen*, which he had started eleven years before. In the summer of 1869 Cosima bore him a son, Siegfried, a second daughter, Eva, having been born in the spring of 1867. Shortly after this event the announcement of divorce proceedings reached von Bülow. The divorce was granted on the 18th of July, 1870, and on August 25th, 1870, after Cosima's conversion to the Protestant faith, she became the wife of Richard Wagner.

At the time of his marriage with Cosima, Wagner was already fifty-seven years old and the first glow of his wandering, romantic passions had been cooled by an abundance of relationships. After the wreck of his marriage with Minna Planer he had experienced love in its most sublime and ethereal form under the charm of Mathilde Wesendonck, but after Mathilde refused herself to him he arrived at the mature and hallowed state of Tristan's 'will to death.' In that springtime of his life he had received the essential stimulus for all his further creative efforts up to *Parsifal*, having evolved as a human being from an ardent Tristan to a laughingly resigned Hans Sachs. It was given him as an artist to rejoice in the marvelous unfolding of his work before a world of hostile eyes. The thirty-two-year-old woman who had come to him with sure footsteps over a toilsome way as unerringly as if she had been walking in her sleep meant to him not only what Eva signified to Sachs—'a child and yet a woman'; she was not only his muse and his beloved in one person: after the difficult years in Munich she became his companion in the most precise sense of the word. She who had defied every insult and had borne him three children was enveloped in Wagner's eyes in the threefold glory of martyr, mother, and spiritual mate. She became a kind of presiding angel in the paradise of Triebschen and under her inspiration his work attained its full stature, as he himself acknowledged in the dedication of the *Siegfried* idyll.

FROM that time on, at Richard Wagner's side, Cosima exercised untiring and highly diplomatic control, eliminating all barriers to his accomplishment and helping to establish the festival opera house at Bayreuth where the completed *Ring of the Nibelungen* was first presented in 1876. She became the guardian of their home in Bayreuth, 'Wahnfried,' where Wagner's 'visions finally came to rest' and she assured the master the peace necessary for the conclusion of his final poetic drama, *Parsifal*, which fully consecrated the Bayreuth temple of art in 1882.

When Richard Wagner died in Venice on February 13th, 1883, the vision of death which he had dreamed twenty-five years previously under the spell of Mathilde was fulfilled in Cosima, for he breathed out his life in her arms. For twenty-five hours Cosima kept vigil beside the

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body of her husband. It was believed that she did not wish to outlive him and would not do so, but by the time she received the telegraphed appeal from Hans von Bülow—'Sœur, il faut vivre'—faith in her mission had already revived her. The stricken woman had her daughters cut off her golden hair, which reached to her feet, and she laid it in the coffin as a last farewell. After the burial in the garden of Wahnfried there remained but one meaning and one end in life for Cosima Wagner—to give herself fully to serving her husband's work.

She who had sustained the master during his lifetime possessed after his death a supreme faith in her mission. From the highly agitated performances of 1883 to the summer of 1906 Cosima Wagner was not only the soul but also the driving energy behind all the activities of the Bayreuth festivals, social as well as commercial. Around the opera house and her home, Wahnfried, she gathered that group of spiritual friends and artistic helpmates who established Wagner's ideas upon the widest possible foundations. She exercised a decisive influence in the choice of repertories, in the engagement of artists, and in the style of the productions, her judgment often prevailing over that of prominent directors. Surrounded by her daughters and acting as the guardian of her son, she made her aristocratic household a select gathering place for the entire community of Bayreuth. She knew how to win over the influential minds of Germany to appreciate the national significance of Bayreuth, and by engaging the services of artists from outside Germany she aroused foreign interest as well.

It must be admitted that her fascinating personality had something to do with her success, and her pronounced will to power and the lack of firm opposition to that will created the singleness of spirit which characterized the whole Bayreuth group. Even after Siegfried Wagner had taken over the artistic direction of the performances, the commanding will of his mother was clearly perceptible in his activity for many years. Cosima Wagner came voluntarily to public attention for the last time in 1912 on the occasion of the controversy over the presentation of *Parsifal*. Two years later, shortly before the War, her name and fate again attracted widespread interest when her daughter, Isolde, became involved in a legal conflict with her mother and sisters which forced her to sue for judicial recognition of the fact that Richard Wagner was her father. But, after this episode, the aging woman withdrew to the tranquillity of her home. Abandoned to reminiscence, growing gradually weaker and succumbing slowly to blindness, she waited for death, which brought her release on April 1st, 1930, in her ninety-third year.

THE daughter of Liszt and of the Countess d'Agoult drew from her father her will power, her generous way of helping, and probably also

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her more profound artistic tendencies. From her mother she inherited most of her intellectual powers and her feeling for the great, important patterns of life. Her vigorous inner compulsion toward the materialization of spiritual and particularly of artistic values was intensified by the energy of romantic idealism that permeated the atmosphere of her time. The forces of idealism which impinged upon her received their corrective in her markedly religious French-Catholic education, which interpreted human vocation in terms of practical ethics and consequently put mystic ecstasy at the service of tangible ends. Not precisely cold, accustomed from youth to exercise a rigid control over her feelings and yet never entirely free from headstrong traits, Cosima Wagner found herself, by reason of her origin, her upbringing, and her destiny, at the meeting point of French and German culture. She extended her feminine existence beyond its natural limits until it merged into that type of androgynous personality which corresponded in an unusually high degree to the ideal type of woman of her particular period. Cosima Wagner is supposed to have been an unusually good mother. But it is of more interest that she was her husband's consort, expressing his effective will. Wagner has described her to us as 'childish and profound . . . extraordinarily gifted . . . always concentrated upon the sublime.' He had no feeling of jealousy where she was concerned: 'How could another man love that which I love in her?' He had confidence in her guiding star and in her belief in their mission. Nietzsche, who knew her intimately in the 'Isle of the Blessed' at Triebschen and who was her friend until he broke with Wagner, called her the 'most sympathetic woman' he had ever met, although later he stressed the danger which threatened a genius surrounded by 'adoring women.' He counted her among the 'few cases of high culture' which he had encountered in Germany. He attributed to her 'priority in questions of good taste.'

It is possible and indeed probable that Cosima fortified Wagner as he grew older in those sanctimonious propensities which seemed not only to Nietzsche but also to many later critics to constitute a somewhat impure element in relation to the whole of Wagner's dramatic work. Her encouragement of the posthumous adulation of Wagner, which had been a subject of discussion before his death and for which the ground had been prepared during the years at Triebschen when Wagner was dictating his autobiography to her, represented no more than the culmination of mystical tendencies inherent in her character. It has been proven that Cosima sometimes made use of that dangerous moral code according to which the end justifies the means. During the critical years at Munich she effectually controlled Wagner. In the most refined manner she implicated the ailing king in the politics connected with Wagner's personal interests. During the marriage scandal of 1866 she deceived Louis II to such an extent that he never forgave her. Under

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pressure of Wagner's egocentric vitality she dealt the 'pure fool,' von Bülow, a wound that would not heal. And within the framework of her local policies at Bayreuth she sometimes treated even her own father unfairly. Yet she took upon herself the blame for her actions, suffered under it, and defied the strict rules of society in the interests of a magnificent cause. As in the case of Wagner himself, the shadows in Cosima's character, the contradictions between ideas and actions, fade and merge into the reality of a destiny whose roots spread out extensively and of work which represented and at the same time influenced an epoch. If her autonomous conception of life and her far-reaching artistic and cultural achievements are to be considered significant, it is not too much to say that Cosima Wagner was the most important woman of the nineteenth century.

Lawn tennis may do more than naval conferences to promote international goodwill. Here is a timely study of Anglo-German rivalry on the courts.

DAVIS CUP

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

From the *Week-end Review*
London Conservative Weekly

IT IS ALWAYS HOT when I visit Queen's Club. Baron's Court does not figure in my mind as a part of London, but as some sizzling little tropical town, with red roofs quivering in the heat. It was hot last Friday afternoon, when I went to Queen's to see the second day's play of the Davis Cup match between Great Britain and Germany. When there was no play going forward, women put up sunshades; the players used their towels very freely; many of us felt that our shoes were too tight; it was that kind of afternoon; we might have been sitting on Bar-

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bados. When you consider that it was still April and that a day or two before we had all been shivering in our thickest overcoats, you will admit that it was very odd. It seems as if I have only to move in the direction of Queen's to send the temperature soaring. It would have seemed cooler, perhaps, if the play had been on a grass court. There are few things in this world that look hotter than a new hard court in full sunshine. It looks angrily hot. Staring down at it, you can imagine the most terrible of the deserts. How absurd it is that the hell-for-leather game that is played on these fierce brick-red surfaces, and played by athletic men who are soon drenched with sweat and gasping for breath, should still be called 'lawn tennis'! It is a name with the mildest associations. It suggests a companion pastime to croquet, a refined, late-Victorian thing, bright with petticoats and delicately clouded with curates.

Some people still think of lawn tennis as a namby-pamby affair. When I told a friend of mine, some time ago, that I was playing a good deal of lawn tennis, he assured me solemnly that it was useless to him because it was 'a soft ball game.' This amused me, for my own lawn tennis, poor though it is, is far fiercer, more dangerous to life and property, than his cricket. I fancy that if he encountered a few of Tilden's services, Borotra's volleys, or Gregory's smashes, he would, after pausing for breath, arrive rapidly at the conclusion that the game was not quite so contemptible to his fierce masculinity. Contemporary lawn tennis is not a dangerous game (though the great Borotra himself was once laid out, unconscious, by a terrific drive that hit him on the forehead), but it is very fast and very hard. It demands more and more from its champions. If you imagine that all modern French literature is written in a sad, defeatist spirit, read Lacoste on tennis. The French have put all their grand military energy into the game. Racquet in hand, they have made some of their magnificent raids.

THE national character peeps out of the game as it is played by these various representative champions. As I have already suggested, the lawn tennis of the great French players is characteristically French. Watch the Orientals patiently driving from the base line hour after hour, and you can see the East at play and can understand its multitudinous pagodas and temples and its bewildering carving. Consider the Americans, their coolness, their tremendous efficiency. The match between Great Britain and Germany last week was more characteristic of these two peoples than their efforts during the War. The Germans, though magnificent sportsmen, were grave and anxious fellows, who rarely permitted themselves even a smile. They returned the ball over the net like tennis machines. They were, you felt, officials of the racquet,

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and had successfully passed many examinations on the game and could easily have given very long and very intelligent lectures on it. The swarthy and amiable Prenn did not look very German, but there was the patient genius of Germany in his extraordinarily accurate play. Nothing could have been more Teutonic than the broad, stiff back of Dessart, who toiled away in the doubles like an irreproachable civil servant. The English, as usual, were more casual and cheerful, sometimes breaking into sheer high spirits. They were very much the amateurs. Sometimes they did idiotic things, hitting wildly, even breaking down. There was nothing official about them. They could not have passed an examination on the game or lecture on it. They were not always fully aware of what they were doing. But, on the other hand, there was in their game real personality and an occasional flash of genius.

On Friday, I watched Gregory and Collins, that great doubles team, completely overwhelm the German pair. These two fine players of ours are perfectly matched. Collins is not a brilliant player (though he is a tremendously hard hitter), but he is cool, patient, watchful, impossible to ruffle or depress. When he waits, his tall, angular figure all tense, to kill a lob, you know for a certainty that in another ten seconds that lob will be lying dead on the court. Gregory is far more erratic, but at the same time he is also a far more brilliant and splendid performer. He is one of the great personalities of the game. It does your heart good to watch this burly and bouncing young man on the court. He is by profession a doctor, and I seriously advise him to send his more depressed patients to see him in a doubles match. He is Elizabethan England breaking out into lawn tennis. Chapman would have roared his approval of him. No machinelike accuracy, no clever little tactics, no examinations and lectures for him. When he puts on his flannels, he leaves science behind him, and arrives joyously at art. Time after time, he can, with many a comical look of despair, drive the ball into the net, hurling points away. Time after time, he can serve faults. But then he will suddenly do something huge and Homeric, whip up a colossal drive, volley from some crazy angle, and smash so that the ball bounces clean over the stand. To play against him must be like trying to argue with Dr. Johnson. The two Germans, the other afternoon, were overawed by him, but I suspect that it was not merely those tremendous smashes of his that did the trick, but that it was also his bounding zest and his high spirits. His huge grin bewildered them. They were dominated not only by his skill, but also by his fun.

IT WAS impossible not to like the members of the German team. They may have been grave and anxious, but they were real sportsmen, quick

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in their courtesy. This amateur lawn tennis seems to be one of the last refuges of sportsmanship in this world. In spite of all the fuss, the 'ballyhoo,' the articles and photographs and autographs and all the nonsense, these young lawn-tennis players, though they may be occasionally rather too conceited (in which, of course, they are not at all like authors, a singularly modest and self-depreciating class of persons), seem to me to behave toward one another in an altogether admirable knightly fashion. They all want to win, but not at any cost. They have no desire to cheat their way to a championship. They do not regard their opponents as men who have to be done down one way or another, by fair means or foul. The smile and handshake at the end of a game still have a friendly significance, and are not the formal antics of professional boxers. Moreover, although little incidents will sometimes happen, they are not forever appealing to the umpire, nor does the watching crowd go baying at him.

That is one reason why lawn tennis is so pleasant to watch, and it seems to me nowadays one of the best of all games for a spectator. (Though I prefer the men's game to the women's, which is apt to be very monotonous and, curiously enough, far less graceful and imaginative.) The one drawback to a person who tries to play, like myself, is that the sight of these delightful services and forehand drives, with top spin and undercut backhand drives and the rest, makes your own game all the more futile and pitiful. I remember the first time I saw Tilden play, I came home with lovely strokes sailing through my head and tingling in my fingers, rushed to change and get out on to the court, and then promptly made the most miserable exhibition of myself. I must revenge myself for that by reading his novel, which, if one may judge by the reviews, seems to be rather like my lawn tennis.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Masefield

If all Ramsay MacDonald's actions met with as much approval as his recent recommendation of John Masefield to succeed Robert Bridges as poet laureate, the troubles of the Labor Party would soon be at an end. No living poet who writes the English language represents more adequately the genius of Great Britain. Mr. Masefield's sympathy for the oppressed classes, the result of many years of vagabondage, must have recommended him strongly to a Socialist Prime Minister, while the deep patriotism that fills many of his poems makes him entirely acceptable to those who admire a nationalistic as well as a national bard. Indeed, the appointment even pleased Bernard Shaw, who remarked, 'The King could not have appointed a better man.' Other leading literary lights share this opinion. Mr. Galsworthy said, 'It is the greatest delight to me to hear that he has been appointed.' Mr. Chesterton was more specific, 'He is an extremely fine poet and I am very glad to hear it. I hope he will go on writing poems about the drunkenness of the pirates.' Mr. John Drinkwater also approves: 'I don't think a better appointment could have been made. I think he is just the man for the post.'

Mr. Masefield himself is extremely modest, but he did consent to give an interview expressing his satisfaction:—

'I am very happy. It is delightful to receive any honor, particularly a splendid honor of this sort. My only regret is that Dr. Bridges had not lived for another ten or fifteen years. I knew him very well, and I was fond of him and his work. Dr. Bridges was so splendid a man that we thought he might well have lived to be a centenarian.'

The new laureate has rigid views about the kind of verse that his position demands of him and asserted that he had no intention of grinding out poems to suit any occasion. 'I do not think that any man can really write unless he is deeply stirred,' he stated emphatically. 'Wordsworth once said that poetry is the overflow of powerful feelings. I feel that is a profound definition of poetry.'

Mr. Masefield refused to express an opinion on his contemporaries, but he has optimistic views about the future of English poetry and definite opinions as to what his own activities will be:—

'In Mr. Robert Nichols, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, and Mr. Blunden we have young poets of a very high standard. In some respects they are even better than the late Rupert Brooke. Rupert Brooke wrote the poetry of youth. The poetry of the more seasoned man is more interesting. In him we had splendid promise, and in those young men of to-day who are slightly older we have achievement instead of promise. Many poets have died young who might have been world famous in their own lives if they had lived normal lives.

'I do quite a lot of lecturing,' he added, when asked if he was to come more into public life, 'and I find my own work gives me quite sufficient to do. There is one thing more: I do not intend to enter politics.'

Mayerling Again

The question of whether Archduke Rudolph of Austria and his mistress, Marie Vetsera, killed themselves in a suicide pact or whether they were the victims of a political assassination has become the subject of a lively dispute between two Paris journalists. Some months ago we printed an article from the *Mercure de France* deriding a so-called historical novel entitled *Taïa* by a certain M. t'Serstevens, who built up a sensational story around the theory that Francis

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Joseph arranged for his son's death. His tale was at once followed by another novelized hypothesis of the tragedy entitled *Mayerling*, by Claude Anet, who not only represented the death of the two lovers as a case of suicide but followed up his book with an attack on t'Serstevens. Although the article in the *Mercure de France* made it quite clear that the case of t'Serstevens rested on misunderstood second-hand evidence, the case of M. Anet may also be rather wide of the mark. Here is what t'Serstevens has to say about it:—

> Claude Anet should not be ignorant of the fact that Marie Vetsera had another lover before Rudolph and that it was she who took the initiative by writing a flaming declaration to Rudolph before he knew of her existence. Furthermore, she was the recognized mistress of Rudolph long before the dates that Claude Anet gives us. It was this fact that permitted me in my novel, *Taïa*, to admit the birth of Madame Haynes-Vetsera, the Eleonore of my book. Moreover, since Claude Anet has read the medical and police reports, where did he discover that the corpse of Marie was surrounded by roses? It is a charming tableau but it is hardly worthy of a writer who claims to be telling historical truth, for it is entirely false. Marie's body was found as I described it in *Taïa*, hidden by bed coverings and horribly disfigured. It is also inexact to state that the valet, Loschek, heard revolver shots. I am surprised that Claude Anet, who has questioned so many *grands seigneurs*, did not consult Count Hoyos on the subject. Loschek found the bodies as he was going to wake up his master and they were exactly as I described them. In setting forth these contradictions I do not presume to state that my novel, *Taïa*, possesses the authenticity that I deny in part to the work of M. Claude Anet. My novel, as I have already said, is partly fiction and I wrote at the beginning of it, 'This book, *in its elements*, is a true history.' Through studying the subject profoundly, without, it is true, interviewing *grands seigneurs* and princes, but reading the same books that Claude Anet read, I have been led to conclude that Rudolph was assassinated with the tacit complicity of his father. It is, perhaps, a less sentimental thesis than the other one but it has its attractions, and, for my part, I find Francis Joseph as majestic a fellow as any Borgia.

M. Anet, however, has stuck to his guns and has written for *L'Illustration* a further justification of his suicide theory which may not entirely prove his case but which certainly sounds a lot more authentic than the outbursts of the wholly discredited t'Serstevens:—

> The suicide is confirmed on every hand by authentic documents and particularly by an irreproachable witness, the Empress Elizabeth, Rudolph's mother. She described the drama of Mayerling to the Empress Eugénie and this conversation was published after the latter's death by Maurice Paléologue. She asserts that her son killed himself with Marie Vetsera and added details that Madame Vetsera could not have known. The Emperor's son had written a letter from Mayerling beginning with these words: 'Dear mother, I have killed . . .' Thus it was he who killed Marie with her consent and then committed suicide. We also learn from the same irrefutable account that Rudolph, before departing for Mayerling, had a violent scene with his father, who demanded that he break off with Marie Vetsera.

Einstein and Graphology

NO LESS AN AUTHORITY than Albert Einstein, the relativity man, has been persuaded to believe that handwriting provides a key to human character. Always inclined to doubt theories that no scientific laws support, Einstein was prevailed upon by the Berlin Medical Society for Para-Psychology to test the powers of a young Czech graphologist called Otto Reiman who analyzes personality and even forecasts the future simply by rubbing his fingers across a few hand-written words. What Einstein did was to write two brief sentences on a slip of paper which was placed in an un-

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sealed envelope and slipped into Reiman's pocket. The graphologist, who did not know that Einstein was present, then placed his hand in his pocket, felt the writing, and described the writer as a man of artistic ambition but mediocre ability who was probably a rather bad actor. The experiment was about to be declared a failure when the paper was removed and it appeared that Einstein had written on the back of a typewritten letter signed by a Berlin theatre manager whose signature Reiman had been feeling.

Still ignorant of the fact that the handwriting on the other side of this letter was Einstein's, the graphologist then attacked the sentences that the great physicist himself had written, spreading the text out before him on the table. He said that the author divided his time between playing the violin and making mathematical notes and that his logical imagination would start at the point A, leap to the point D and then fill in the points B and C later. Einstein's wife announced that the analysis was perfect and also substantiated Reiman when he described her husband as overgenerous and utterly impractical. At this point somebody complained that nothing had been said about relativity, whereupon Einstein remarked:—

> That is the most convincing part. It proves the reality of this man's gift. The theory of relativity, while important from a scientific viewpoint, nevertheless is only of minor importance in the human side of my character, on which Herr Reiman mainly dwelt.

The performer of these strange feats is the son of an old bourgeois family in Prague. He was born in 1903, works in a bank in his native city, but plans to come to America at an early date. He has already been asked to the Einsteins' house by way of recognition of his great performance.

Germany and Dreyfus

NEW INFORMATION on the Dreyfus Case has recently been revealed by Dr. Bruno Weil, historian and legal adviser to the British and French embassies in Berlin, who has shown that high officials in Germany were aware of the innocence of Dreyfus while he was still serving a life sentence for treason on Devil's Island. The archives of the German Foreign Office show that a word from Chancellor von Bülow, who knew that Major Esterhazy and not Dreyfus was the guilty party, would have cleared up the whole affair. Waldeck-Rousseau as Prime Minister of France implored the German Government to give proof of Dreyfus's innocence, but his request was denied, since the German Chancellor felt that reasons of state forbade his revealing how he came by the secret French military documents that Dreyfus was accused of having transmitted. At another juncture, Dreyfus's counsel telegraphed to the Kaiser asking that permission be given to a certain German military attaché, Major Schwartzkoppen, to testify at the trial. The Kaiser consulted Bülow, who urged him to stand firm, though a marginal note in one of the reports on the case bears these words in the Emperor's handwriting: 'This Dreyfus is innocent.' Later, Schwartzkoppen, who had been compelled to swear that he knew nothing about the matter, wrote as follows to Count von Münster, German ambassador in Paris:—

> As soon as I had returned to Berlin from Paris at this time, I told my superiors the whole truth about the affair, but I was given formal orders to do nothing, whoever might be the person who asked me to do something. I strictly carried out this order as it was my duty to do. I had great esteem for Dreyfus . . . but reasons of state prevented my doing anything for him.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Chesterton on 'Green Pastures'

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON has just read Marc Connelly's play, *Green Pastures*, which depicts a white man's idea of a negro's idea of Heaven and which won the Pulitzer Prize for this year. Here is what Mr. Chesterton has to say on the subject:—

The first fact that struck me, on reading the play, was that the religion was crude, not through the limitations of the black race, but through the limitations of the white race. It was an African fancy in an American setting; but what made it narrow and prosaic was the American setting. The Lord of Hosts looks very ugly and ungainly when he wears a top hat; but negroes did not invent top hats. It may be very funny that God should look like a Baptist minister. But it is not Africa but America (copying a blunder of Europe) that has degraded the ancient and mysterious priest, as old as humanity, into the dingy bathos of an American Baptist minister. It may be quite natural that a negro, having never seen any buildings but business offices or dance saloons, should suppose the headquarters of heaven to be a cold, uncomfortable office with a roll-top desk. But it was not in his native forests that the negro found the roll-top desk. The lead pencils and Pittsburgh cigars which make this divinity farcical do not grow wild on bushes in the black man's own land. And everything I know of negro mythology leads me to think that, so far as scope and freedom of imagination go, the forest would have taught him far grander and more elemental manifestations of his God. The only question is, what God? Certainly, it is better to learn of something like a God of justice and mercy, even from a minister sitting at a roll-top desk in Dayton, Tennessee, than of a God of lust and cruelty from the unexplained splendors and terrors of earth and sky. But surely it would have been best of all if missionaries and not man-stealers had met the negro first; and he had been able to express the God of justice with the wild beauty of his own primitive vision, though it were in whirlwind and waterspout and lions that roar at night, rather than that he should be cramped by merely mean provinciality, and the flat vulgarity of modern mercantile society.

This is the true negro slavery. This is the true irony of the appreciation of *Green Pastures*. It is that the white man has put the black man into precisely that sort of community in which green pastures are growing rarer and less green. One need not actually prefer the green tropical forest, in order to think there may be a third way, leading out of the modern town. Now that we have no longer to deal with the negro as a slave, we have almost a greater difficulty in dealing with him as a proletarian; and surely civilization might have shown him something more inspiring than the feverish and ephemeral capitalism of America. The negro was not invariably, or necessarily, thought of only as 'damned nigger.' All the time I have been reading this quaint and in many ways touching fantasy about a negro deity with a stogy and a stovepipe hat, there has hovered at the back of my imagination some memory of that ancient Christian tradition, repeated again and again in the greatest pictures of the world, which set a black African, emblazoned with gold and gorgeous colors, riding high among the three great kings who brought to Bethlehem the homage of the whole world. He was a purely popular figure; he was purely human; he did not need to be humanized by a high hat or a cigar. But it was of his own will, free as the wind, that he came up great and golden out of Africa; and he has never been a slave.

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A Frenchman on Chicago

CHICAGO'S NEGROES and Chicago's architecture seem to have been the two aspects of that city that made the strongest impression on René Puaux, a recent visitor from France, who communicates his impressions to *Le Temps*. Incidentally, M. Puaux has just won the Ralph Beaver Strassburger $1,000 award given each year for the best series of articles on the United States written by a Frenchman.

Before reaching the elegant business centre of the city, one traverses certain avenues that are infused with a strange atmosphere. Half-clothed negroes appear at the curtainless windows of little private hotels like those one sees on the squares of London. Sombre matrons, with bandanna handkerchiefs wound round their heads or many-colored hats of straw, chatter on the steps of these dwellings. They are invaders from the South who have been attracted to Chicago by its immense industrial activity. These negroes have grown rich here. One of them succeeded in buying a house on an elegant street. All the white neighbors departed and the tenants who succeeded them rapidly went to seed so that the negroes finally conquered the entire street. Thus they are advancing patiently. There were thirty thousand in 1900, forty-four thousand in 1910, and one hundred and ten thousand in 1920. Gentlemen of color ride in automobiles, gripping the doors with their powerful, diamond-covered hands. Through bootlegging and the sale of contraband articles that other people do not wish to deal in they have been given their start. The black question is more than an antagonism inherited from the Civil War. The whole self-respect of the *civis americanus* who wants to keep the black at a distance is at stake.

Spirituals and blues, negro music, negro literature, and negro mentality, all of them nostalgic and sensual, are slowly penetrating white society, whose members are not sufficiently preoccupied with psychic influences because they are too busy building skyscrapers. It would be amusing to read a fantasy written in collaboration by H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw on a negroid evolution of American civilization in which African nonchalance would be made to triumph over the nervous forces of mechanism. Sociologically, however, this condition is not likely to be realized, for the negro birth rate has dropped to such an extent that it constitutes no danger to the white majority. According to reports that came my way the menace is of a different nature and consists in the unconscious attraction of the romantic primitive, a triumph of pagan love and a defeat of the forces of the intellect.

The Wrigley Building and the Gothic tower of the Tribune Building form one of the most impressive architectural groupings in the world. The new skyscraper of the *Daily News*, rearing its monumental façade pierced with a thousand windows and overlooking a square of white marble in the centre of which a fountain flanked by griffins is playing, reminds one of the wall of some ancient theatre. Of course, it is easy to say that when the engineer, Eiffel, built the tower that amazed the world in 1889 he solved the problem of the skyscraper, which in the United States merely consists of an Eiffel Tower filled with reinforced brick or concrete. But where America took the lead was in the adaptation of these technical *tours de force* along æsthetic lines. Many experiments have been made, ranging all the way from the Gothic to the Cubist and including the Florentine Renaissance, styles that do not lend themselves to great heights. Finally, however, the solution was found in the erection of buildings whose pure volume was sufficient to create an imposing impression.

Chicago exemplifies this use of masses better than New York, except, of course, for the district around the Grand Central Terminal. Michigan Boulevard, with buildings on one side of it and on the other the lake shore, lacks the harmonious distinction of the Rue de Rivoli along the Tuileries gardens but it is one of those things that cannot be made over again and that one ought not even to attempt to make

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over. The Americans created a style that corresponds to their ethics and nowhere have their efforts been crowned with greater success than in Chicago.

America's Overcrowded Prisons

PERCY S. BULLEN, New York correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, comments as follows on the Ohio prison fire and on the appalling conditions in so many other American jails:—

The Ohio holocaust, with its human sacrifice of 325 convicts, has clinched the case for the American reformers who have maintained for years that many of the jails here are 'Black Holes of Calcutta,' and that the prison system of the United States is an unendurable disgrace to a civilized country. Admittedly there are three and four times as many convicts in these prisons as they were built to hold, and to-day, while convicts are decreasing in other countries and England has actually closed many of her penal institutions, Americans generally are clamoring for bigger and better jails to accommodate criminals whose rate of increase is estimated from 10 to 20 per cent every year.

Why is it, people here are asking, that America, which aspires to lead the world in progress and moral reform, leads all civilized and many semi-civilized countries in crimes of violence, and that in recent years a couple of cities here will show more murders in a week than London in a year? Speaking from an experience of nearly fifty years as a newspaper writer, almost evenly divided between both sides of the Atlantic, I am inclined to agree with the verdict of the late Chief Justice Taft, former President of the United States, that 'the American people fundamentally are no worse and no better than people elsewhere, but our judicial procedure in dealing with crime, the multiplicity of our laws, and the prison system are responsible.' Roosevelt said much the same thing, and added: 'We are still in many things very much of a frontier people, with the characteristics of early pioneers.'

America's Protectionist Farmers

A CONTRIBUTOR to the financial section of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* has explained to his indignant countrymen the whys and wherefores of the Grundy tariff bill. He points out that the United States is suffering from the same agricultural crisis that has been afflicting the rest of the world and that we are trying to mitigate its evils by maintaining our high price level:—

The American farmer, particularly in the Middle West, used to want to buy industrial commodities as cheap as possible in order to sell his agricultural products as advantageously as possible on the world market, and for that reason he used to be a champion of free trade. Now, however, the bulk of American farm products are sold on the domestic market rather than on the world market and the American farmer has in consequence been transformed from a fanatical free trader into a fanatical protectionist. Those whose prosperity depends on high prices for pigs, corn, and wheat want to maintain these high prices by means of high tariffs. Industrialists and financiers are forced to coöperate with the farmer but want to go him one better, although they are growing more and more doubtful as to the results of a policy leading to higher prices for industrial products, especially when they consider their export trade. But these doubts, which are chiefly confined to the international financiers of Wall Street, represent the wishes of an uninfluential minority whose importance is bound to diminish since the Middle West and the South demand high tariffs for agricultural reasons while a few industrial states, whose influence is growing stronger, demand these tariffs in order to protect their industries. The result of all this is that American tariffs are being revised, and now that the farmer has joined the protectionists the advocates of high duties on imports seem to have become stronger than ever in the United States.

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WAR AND PEACE

There are beyond our frontiers sects, groups, and parties of men who would not be averse to unleashing a war against the Italian people, whom they consider guilty of remaining faithful to the Fascist régime. We are ready for them. If by any chance anything of that nature should happen at our frontiers we should all be at our places more speedily than ever before. Fascist Italy is now such a strong mass and so perfectly organized in all its forces that it cannot be attacked without mortal danger.—*Benito Mussolini.*

What is gravest is the development of international mistrust, which little by little has cooled the peace enthusiasm of the days after the War. We are getting back to the system of defiances and ultimatums.—*Édouard Herriot, former Premier of France.*

When our Prime Minister considers the new Italian naval shipbuilding programme, he will no doubt exclaim with the Psalmist: 'I labor for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof they make them ready for battle.' That, unfortunately, is what usually happens; but, although it has been the recorded experience of three thousand years, our pacifists continue confidently to expect the contrary.—'*Morning Post*,' *London Tory daily.*

Only a warlike nation gets ahead in the world. I simply do not believe in the Utopia of eternal peace for all peoples.—*Dr. Hugo Eckener, Commander of the 'Graf Zeppelin.'*

If we really want to get rid of war there are reasons for accepting gas as a powerful ally. The fact that it involves a menace to the civilian population is a point in its favor. All the developments of modern war have tended to bring the civilian population within the danger zone, and that fact will do more to abolish war than any other. For it is the civilians and not the soldiers who make wars and maintain wars, and the more the civilian populations can be made to realize that they stand to be shot at as much as the men in the trenches, the less stomach they will have for the ugly business. Still less is there any reason to lament that the last rags of romance should be blown away in a gale of gas. The romance of war—war fought by proxy at a comfortable distance and at not too great an expense—has been the most formidable support in the past of war as an institution of mankind. When that illusion is completely disposed of, war will be disposed of.—*A. G. Gardiner, British publicist.*

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